CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 27. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1920. 5 CENTS A COPY.

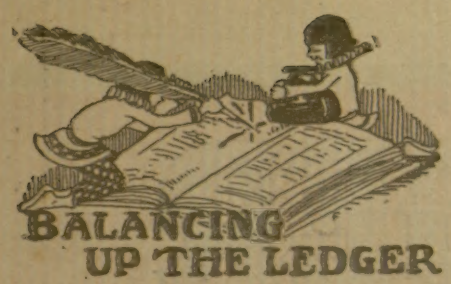
A Striking Novelty Story of a Daring Business Plunge

THE MAD HATTER

by DELAPLAINE RIDGWAY

Author of

"A HUNDRED THOUSAND TO BOOT," "WIFE! WIFE!"
"THE TAKING of the CAKE"



BALANCING UP THE LEDGER

AFTER reading "The Mad Hatter" Ledger ladies are going to walk right up to their husbands and say:

"Have to have a new hat."

It's that kind of a story. It is permeated with hats; there are long hats, and square hats and triangular hats, fat ones, lean ones, drab ones, colorful ones, smart hats, quiet hats, snippy hats, gorgeous hats, hats trimmed and hats untrimmed, hats for the theater and hats for a morning in the garden—it's a carnival of head-gear in which the two foremost characters are fascinatingly lovable. The hero is a man of action and of many words, also—in fact we were wondering if the author had a dark purpose when she named him W. Blab-on Mattis. Anyhow, the pied piper had nothing on Billy, for all Billy had to do was to whistle and hats simply trooped to his call! By the way, we know what a "pied snake" is, and we have found to our sorrow what a pied line of type is, but what in the name of Mr. Browning is a "pied piper?" Perhaps he had smeared pastry over his face?

Personal mention:

I. I. Sir and the Tramp-that-writes-editorials had a little difference over the meaning of the word "sassipaneugous," and I. I. Sir is at the office with a swelled and darkened optical organ. Perhaps that explains the shortness of his "pome" this week.

THE details "Gris" puts into his illustrations of the humor series are often as interesting as the foremost figures. To wit: the tea-jacket and the ear-rings (page 5, title illustration), and the speckled tie (in the one-column cut) and in the last picture, don't overlook the humor of the lady with the ear trumpet and the bride's bouquet with the glorious sunflower!

It's getting a bit warm, we admit, to be running a story called Thin Ice—it won't be long now until it melts and the hero has a chance to swim ashore.

YOU have no idea how hard it is to read proof on a joke page that contains puzzles. We find ourselves pondering—"add a letter to a tree and find a commander," and our dull brain refuses to work and the presses are held up and the make-up man is waiting for our O. K. and the whole works are jimmied—simply because we can't solve a "double decapitation." It is the disappointment of our life when we finally arrive at a good answer to come bang up against that coldly insinuating paragraph—"It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers." Brain teasers! After we tease our brain to the breaking point and hold up the evolution of the magazine just to get an answer to those old puzzles, after we visualize the Grand Prize we may win for our intelligence, then we are informed calmly and patronizingly that it was only desired that we "tease our brains!"

WE HAPPENED to be riding in a caboose, one time (why? when? Oh, that, as Mr. Kipling says, is a different story, not to be divulged just now), and we heard two traveling men exchanging bits of philosophy that Marcus Aurelius might have envied.

"My old man," said one, "told me this when I started out: 'Son, believe everything everybody tells you—when it doesn't cost you anything. When it does, investigate.'"

"Yep," said the other, "that's good. And here's what my old man told me when I started out: 'The man that wins isn't the one that watches the clock go 'round; he isn't the one that quits with his hammer up when the clock strikes; he's the chap that does what he's paid for and a little bit more!'" So it seems that clocks have little to do with success. Nevertheless, labor is pretty fond of watching the minute hand these days and strikes almost as often as the clock.

There was a wealthy man entertaining a group of industrial workers at his home, who stopped the speaker for the evening—a radical—on the doorstep. "S-st," said the wealthy man, "please be careful not to say anything against capital."

"Why?" glowered the radical.

"Oh, because our butler mightn't like it!"

AND, to be serious, we can't get a bit of a poem written by Ernest Dowson out of mind this morning:

"They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate,
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate."

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1920, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. XLVIII. JULY 3, 1920. NO. 27.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

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Another Big Interview Scoop

By The Editor

EVER since Madame Flauvette's abrupt departure for Paris to take part in her new Futurist dramatic production, the Editor has been besieged with inquiries from her feminine admirers—and, hist! even the men!—regarding beauty methods. There is no doubt that Madame Flauvette was the specialist par excellence in the making beautiful of those not so blessed, and the keeping beautiful of those who were fortunate enough to start the game of life with an even chance, or even a lead. We had hoped that the Madame would continue to grace our columns for many, many months with her exclusive secrets, but since she consented in the first place to do so only on condition that she be allowed to terminate her department should her profession call her back to Paris, we could hardly voice any complaint when she departed so abruptly.

The mass of inquiries and questions concerning beauty lotions, rouges, reduction methods and so forth, accumulating on our desk has made it necessary for us to secure one last genuine Flauvette interview and clean up the department. Thus it was that we—the Editor—on our own hook, cabled Madame Flauvette at the Theatre Royale, in Paris, last Wednesday and in return received in French a wire which ran:

> For Flauvette interview refer you to my long lost brother, Hugo Flauvette, last heard of at the Hotel La Superfine, 603 S. State street, Chicago. Am recuperating from overwork and unable to contribute.
>
> MADAME FLAUVETE.

Thus it was that we wended our way down to the Hotel Superfine on South State street. The Hotel Superfine was a rambling brick structure with the paint peeling off in great red scabs, the windows stuffed with newspapers where they were cracked, and, under a painted sign over the doorway which read: "Lodgings, 10 cents per night. Bring your own newspapers," a vicious-looking man was sitting on a stool with a heavy blackthorn club under his arm. When we inquired for Mr. Flauvette, he scratched his chin.

"You means Hugo, eh, cull? Well, you're in luck, I'm a-sayin'. Hugo just got in from Omaha last night, and he's snorin' up on floor three on a pile o' Denver Posts. Glad you come along. I been wantin' a copy of the Denver Post, bein' as there's where I come from."

We creaked our way up several flights of stairs that threatened to collapse any minute, and peering in a big room saw some several hundred newspapers lying about in neat rectangles, evidently comprising the beds of the guests the night just gone. And on the center, near the wall lay, evidently, Mr. Flauvette. His red nose was pointed to the ceiling, and from it arose a wail like a fog-horn. Several wisps of hay stuck out from his vest, and ten flabby toes peeped from shoes which must have been cobbled back in the halcyon days when shoes were but $3.50 a pair. His long hair was unkempt and tangled, and his face could never have served as an advertisement for Mr. Gillette's product.

We woke him gently and explained our mission. As soon as he learned we were from the famous Chicago Ledger he at once consented to give us an interview upon matters of beauty as he knew them, and to help us accede to the popular demand that the name of Flauvette once more grace the pages of the Ledger. We give in detail his specialized information upon each phase of personal beauty and public appearance.

* * * * * * *

ROUGES.

Says Hugo Flauvette: "I have used in previous years the product of the Golden Day Distillery at Paducah, Kentucky, and towards the coming of the terrible calamity which swept like a dread scourge over the country—yea, Prohibition—veered over to Jamaica Rum, when the Golden Day people refused to pay me for a testimonial for their product. Of late I have been drinking the perfume put up by the 10 Cent Stores, and find that the effect upon the proboscis is as good as one can desire. I have compared my nasal protuberance with a number of solar spectra maps in college laboratories across the country and find that it possesses the exact essential shade lying between bands 317 and bands 318. The old argument about rouges, I find, is a mere quibble. For years I considered that the Golden Day products were the only genuine ones, but discovered that the same lasting shade can be secured by a cheaper and more obtainable product.

CORSETS.

Upon corsets, too, I have for years been suffering a delusion. I had thought that a high-grade clothesline—I was so particular that I would consider nothing less than a seven-strand clothesline—wound exactly eleven times around the abdomen was the thing to enable me to retain my manly shape. But one day, after being chased seven miles by an irate farmer with a shotgun for attempting to sneak a few yards of this type of clothesline, I was forced to fall back upon baled hay wire. Look (he showed us his tummy neatly wired up with coils of rusty wire), here is the covering par excellence. I have not had it removed for over a month. A friendly lineman locked the ends, and here I am, snug and tight and fine. I tell you unequivocally—baled hay wire is The Thing, and NOT clothesline.

PERFUMES.

This is determined chiefly in the way a man travels. Some of my brethren of the road travel in cars filled with pigs and such animals. One cannot expect a fragrance delightful to the nostrils from such transportation. I make it a rule to use one perfume and one only—as a part and detail, if I may say so, of my very personality. I travel ONLY in cars loaded with Jersey cows.

MASSAGE.

It is highly inadvisable for one to indulge in too strenuous passive exercise, known as massage. The picking out of a newly-painted cottage with all the evidence of newly-weddism from which to steal edibles results in a drubbing from a young and strong master-of-the-house. I generally pick out a house whose architecture and condition shows that the farmer is at least over 45 years of age. The drubbing coming from a man of this age is not overly drastic, and just as highly stimulating to the circulation and less hard on the heart as that coming from a younger man.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

I unequivocally recommend a fine-tooth comb for best results. Some take overly painstaking methods, and I even once knew of an organ-grinder knight of the road who used his monkey for the purpose. But I would say a weekly combing with a mesh of at least seventy to the inch will prove efficacious.

THE TEETH.

Cleaning of the teeth regularly is not only a duty, but to the highly aesthetic, a pleasure. I scrub my one tooth every Sunday morning with coarse sand.

THE EYELASHES.

The C. I. & P. R. R. uses a peculiar soft coal which gives a gray ash. This makes a highly beautifying fringe upon the eyelashes for blonds, but for one like myself, dark, I require a coal black incrusted eyelash. It is for that reason that I travel chiefly upon the Chicago & Denver, which makes a cinder as black as Cerberus.

DIET.

Pie once a month. That, and no more. My inviolable rule. A fat milk-fed chicken at least every other day, broiled very carefully over a twig fire on the windward edge of a woods. I find that when one broils it over too large a fire, or upon the wrong side of the wind, the owner of the chicken generally scents it or sees operations, with the result that the running necessary interferes with the digestion. Potatoes are bad, as they almost always grow right back of the owner's house. Corn is excellent if sown thickly enough so that one is well concealed. Watermelon should be eaten soon after picked.

SLEEP.

One should pass at least twenty hours of the twenty-four each day in slumber. Slumber builds up the nervous system, shattered from searching for food and avoiding the consequences of obtaining that food. One should not endeavor to sleep while in transit, as the shock when one wakes up to find oneself in the custody of a town constable is highly deleterious to the cerebellum.

EXERCISE.

None if possible. At least, as little as possible. Look at the pyramids of Egypt—colossal monuments to the great demon, exercise. I find that it requires literally weeks of loafing to recover from the exercise involved in sawing a few sticks of wood. No, I forbid exercise to Ledger readers consulting me upon this point.

* * * * * * *

At this juncture the order from the lodging house attendant—"All out," came clear and sharp, and Hugo Flauvette rolled quickly to his feet. We tendered him a dime, which he accepted with a graceful bow, and we accompanied him as far as the nearest Pittsburgh Joe restaurant, where we left him and hastened back to the Ledger office to write up our notes upon his advice. We also have cabled the Madame that her brother is well, hale and hearty, and we trust that the advice this man of long experience upon earth has to give will be acceptable to readers who have asked specific questions. If not—well we have done our durndest to please.

The Editor

* * *

Vulgar Ostentation.

"BLIGGINS is trying to dress in a way that will make people think he is making a whole lot of money."

"Silk hat and patent leather shoes and all that sort of thing?"

"Not these days. He has put on a suit of overalls and is carrying a plumber's outfit."

Rimes of the Times

BY I. I. SIR.

FAME

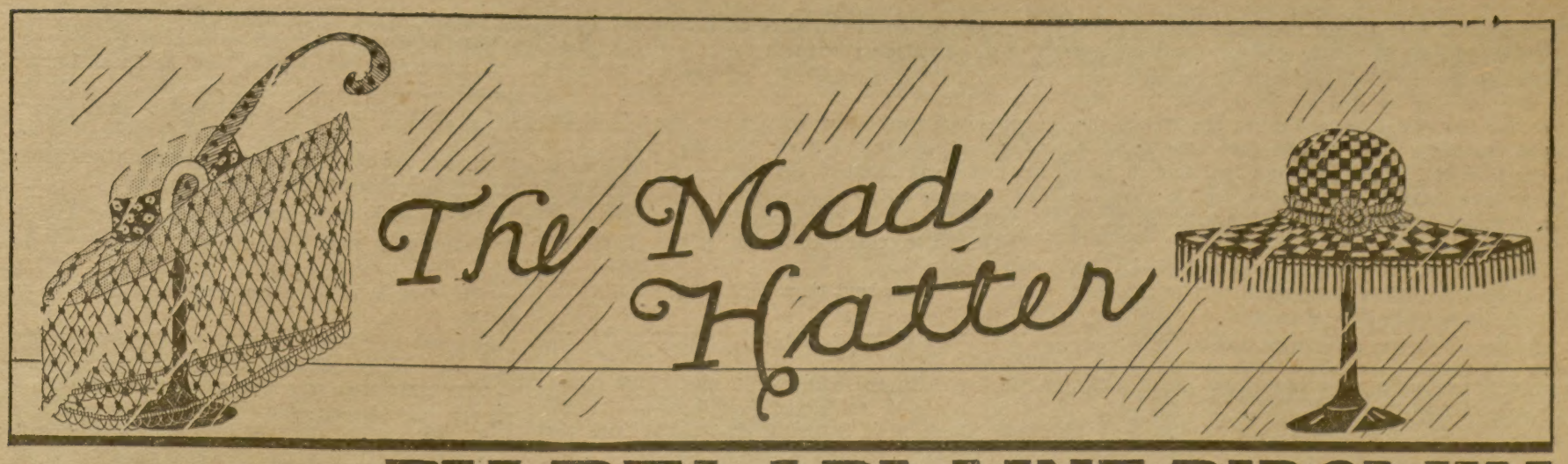
The candidate goes down the street
And sees himself on every hand.
His face looks out from posters, from
The windows, from the paper stand.

The candidate's indifferent,
His manner's calm and chill;
He sees his name on every side,
But has no surging thrill.

He yawns and passes down the street,
And all unmoved goes by
A billboard where his name appears
In letters ten feet high——

And yesterday our galley boy,
With awed delight was smitten,
Because he found his name within
Some copy we had written.

He hoped that all his folks would know,
And all his friends be told,
For Benny's very young—and, oh,
The candidate is old!



BY DELAPLAINE RIDGWAY

"WHY, Billy! What in the world are you doing?"

"Wait a minute and I'll show you. Get me some pins, won't you?"

"Yes, but Billy you've made me cross. The idea—to take my beautiful hat all apart!"

"You mustn't be cross, makes lines in your face. Get me some pins, please, now don't waste time. I'll lose the scheme if you do. I've a wonderful conception. Hurry, please!"

"Billy, you're simply incorrigible!" and she went out of the room to bring the pins.

It had been a blue velvet hat. He had taken all the trimming off—laying it on the table.

When Orris returned to the parlor, Mr. W. Blabon Mattis had the hat on the floor and was standing with one foot on it and Orris' little sister, Isabelle, was rolling over and over, screaming with laughter.

"Billy, you're surely out of your mind. Now, I am cross! You've destroyed days of work and the Bazaar opens Monday. Are you out of your mind?"

"Don't stop him, Orrie. He's the funniest man I ever saw," said the little girl, now sitting up, wiping away the tears of laughter.

"Orris, look at this," he said, holding up the hat he had been trampling upon. "Do you see the difference?" brushing it with his hand backward and forward to make the velvet stand up.

"I see you changed the shape, but you've got it all crooked. You've battered it all up. I'd like to cry. Now, Isabelle, stop laughing!"

"I can't, Orrie, he's so funny. Oh, please let me stay, I want to see what he's going to do. Jump on it again, Billy."

During this conversation, Billy (his visiting card introduced him as Mr. W. Blabon Mattis, but no one ever spoke of or to him except as Billy), kept turning the hat over and over in his hand, pressing it backward and forward, at times holding it up before him. Then he handed it to the girl and turned to the youngster.

"Now, little sister Isabelle, you mind big sister Orris and run away—dissolve, out you go," and he whisked the little girl out of the room and shut the door.

"Billy, what's the idea?" holding up the hat, now shaped like a rowboat, bottom upward.

"Why, you see, Orris, you bought a frame, one of one thousand, one of one million, all the same shape. Now, did you ever see anything like the shape it now has? No, you never did, now did you?"

"No, I surely never did, but it isn't bad. I sort of like it."

"You'll fall in love with it in a minute."

"I will?"

"Yes, see if you don't. Do you know why I jumped on it?"

"No, why?"

"I want something new—something I haven't seen."

"Oh, well you certainly have it now, but it's all right. I like it—so unusual!"

"Well, that's one of the things I'm after."

"Yes, yes, I see."

"NOW, we don't want any of these things to go on it, but the long feather," fastening a long feather, that had stood up like a question mark, so that it fell over the hat from front to back, "and this little button," an ornament of peacock blue and orange, "right here on the side! Now, come here."

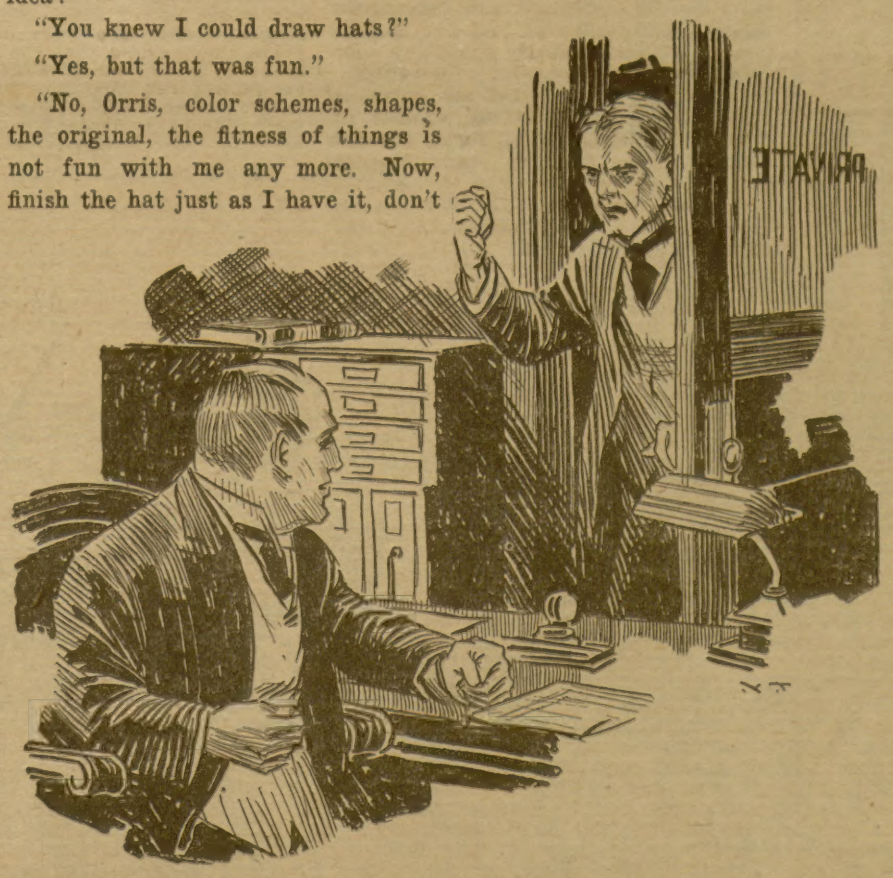
When she stood before him, he very gently fitted the hat on her head, then kissing her, he said, "Look in the mirror." And he led her to the pier glass.

"Why, Billy, it's splendid! I never saw anything like it. Where in the world did you get the idea?"

"You knew I could draw hats?"

"Yes, but that was fun."

"No, Orris, color schemes, shapes, the original, the fitness of things is not fun with me any more. Now, finish the hat just as I have it, don't change it one bit; then give it to me and I'll surprise you."



"He Told Wright I Was the Biggest D—n Fool He Ever Saw."

"Yes, but I made this for the Bazaar."

"That's what I want it for, but let me send it. Go buy a hat and send it yourself. Let me send this?"

"Billy, are you serious? Why, Billy, there's something strange about you today."

"Orris, I'm always serious with myself and you know I'm serious with you. You never laughed at me in your life, did you?"

"No, Billy, I never did. You make me laugh, I love it, but I never laugh at you—you know that," she said very slowly, almost sadly.

He took her in his arms and kissed her, holding her close to him.

"Orris, I've been requested to resign as assistant to the secretary of the N. O. V. R. R. Co."

"Oh Billy! Has Uncle Billy thrown you over?"

"Out—completely, says I'm simply impossible. He told Wright I was the biggest d—n fool he ever saw. Wright apologized for him, but told me I must resign. So there you are, I couldn't stay after that, could I?"

"No, I suppose not. What was the row about, what did you do? Uncle Billy seemed so fond of you, says you're the only man in the city who has any real originality, and Billy, I heard him tell Dad if you could only keep yourself down you'd make a fortune."

"Yes, I know Uncle Billy likes me, always did. Oh, I don't blame him. He did right, I've no business in a railroad office, never in the world. We parted good friends, when I went in to see him to say good-by, you know, just to show him I held nothing against him. What do you suppose he said?"

"I can't imagine. What was it?"

"Why—he just said: 'Wright tells me you threw up the job, Billy. Sorry, Billy, come around Sunday and tell me some good stories, won't you?' Then he shook hands and as I closed the door, I heard him say 'Good God!'"

"I WONDER why he said that?"

"Oh, that meant — 'What an ass that fellow is who's just gone out—for Heaven's sake, don't send me another like him.'"

"Billy, you're joking."

"No, no, I'm not. That's what it meant, but only in a business way. I'll go round and be affable Sunday just the same. Uncle Billy's all right if you know his right side."

"Yes, but Billy, what did you do that upset him so?"

"Oh, that! Why you see, Orris, when I went to the office, I was to be a sort of assistant to Uncle but he got fidgety 'cause I drew pictures on the letterheads. Then he had a lot of little iron car wheels for paper weights, ugly looking things they were, almost made you feel as tho they were going round and round all the time—don't you know, you couldn't keep from thinking they were real car wheels.

"Well, those car wheels got on my nerves so horribly I took them all away and substituted a set of beautiful crystal glass ones with vivid cubist

scenes showing thru them. Don't you think the idea good? Uncle Billy didn't say anything and I thought everything was all right. But it seems it wasn't, and one morning he told me he thought I'd better move into the next office and assist Mr. Wright, his official secretary. Oh, he was very nice about it, tho he said, if I could find them he'd like to have his car wheels back and he'd be glad to have me take the stereopticon pictures along with me. That wasn't very kind, was it?"

"I don't know, Billy, I suppose he had them there for a long time. They represented part of the road to him. He was attached to them."

"Yes, but Orris, you haven't got it right. You don't want ugly things about you and gosh! What's more ugly than a car wheel? And these were freight car wheels, too!"

"Yes, but Unky likes freight cars, I suppose, they're part of the road. I'm afraid you've offended him."

"Not at all, Orris, we're the best of friends."

"Then what happened that you had to get out completely?"

"There, I fancy, Orris, I was wrong. There I failed—utterly teetotally failed. You always get thrown out when you fail. Still, Orris, I believe I'd have been thrown out even if I'd succeeded. That's bad, isn't it? Whether you do or don't do it—success runs away."

"What in the world did you do?"

"Why you see, Orris, Mr. Wright's secretary, Miss Smucker, got on my nerves. I tried not to look at her. I even got so far that I didn't see her face, but in trying to avoid that I saw her feet. What in God's name, do you suppose she had on?"

"I'm sure, Billy, I don't know, but it seems to me your conduct was most extraordinary."

"Now, wait, Orris, don't be hard on a fellow. Orris, you'd have gotten up and gone home yourself had you seen them."

"Billy, this is ridiculous, what did she have on?"

"Yellow shoes, with white canvas uppers and an inch wide band of black patent leather around the top. Orris, I was frightened when I saw them."

"BILLY, you had no business to look at her feet, it was very bad manners."

"Yes, but Orris, I couldn't help it. I couldn't look at her face, I had to look at something."

"No, you didn't. You could have looked at your work — you had some work to do, didn't you?"

"Work? Of course, I had, but you can't work when the surroundings are a continuous nightmare. Ye gods, Orris, those shoes that girl had on! Thank God! Fate has saved me from seeing them again."

"Oh! I've seen them, Billy, lots of them, but I didn't look at them."

"You've seen them. Where? Where? I thought I had seen the only pair in the world."

"For Heaven's sake, Billy, don't be so foolish! What did they have to do with the row with Uncle Billy?"

"Why, the girl put the awful things away and came down to the office in gray kid boots, laced way up, don't you know. It was a comfort to look at them."

"Then you took two inches off her dress."

"Yes, how'd you guess it?"

"Oh! Billy! You are simply outrageous. What did you do then?"

"She didn't wear high collars any more. Oh! her neck was all right. I knew it would be, and Orris, her arms, you ought to see them—the lost arms of the Venus de Milo."

"Did you keep on, Billy, or stop there?"

"Now, Orris, that's mean, of course, I stopped there."

"Well, it was about time. What made you stop?"

"Orris?"

"Oh! Billy, I know you—but tell me, did Uncle Billy stop you?"

"No—Wright, the girl scared him. He's a man all dried up—he talked confidentially to the girl, one of those mean sneaking confidential talks that hurt people's feeling. Then the girl blamed it all on me. Poor soul, she's wearing those awful shoes again, I suppose."

"And Uncle Billy threw you over. Billy, you're simply impossible! I never heard of such ridiculous behavior."

"Yes, but Orris, I'd have gone crazy if I hadn't made her do it and you don't know how much better she looked, and I forgot, you ought to have seen her hair! From a fright, I changed it to waves of loveliness or rather she did it at my direction."

"Billy, I don't want to hear any more, but I don't blame Uncle Billy one bit."

"Neither do I. I must admit it was rather a strange proceeding in a railroad office. Say, Orris, won't you go down and take a look and tell me how far back the girl has fallen? No one likes all their work undone."

The Opinion Expressed by Every One Was That the Hats Were Splendid and in Exquisite Taste.

"YOU want me to ask Uncle Billy to take you back, that's it? Isn't it?"

"No, no, for goodness sake, no! I wouldn't go back for worlds! What if she wore those shoes again?"

"Honest, Billy?"

"Yes, honestly! You'll go now, won't you?"

"I don't know, Billy. It's a funny thing to ask me. Billy, what sort of a girl was she?"

"Oh! Lord! She's no sort of a girl. Just one in a million—all alike, but I want to know if I saved her. You'll go, won't you?"

"Why, you just said you supposed she had the shoes on now."

"Only talk, Orris—I'll bet a fortune she'll never wear them again—that's what I want to know. You'll go, Orris, won't you?"

"It's very strange, Billy."

"Not at all."

"All right, I owe Uncle Billy a call anyway. I'll go tomorrow. You won't forget the Bazaar. Say, Billy, tell me what you want with that hat. You don't mean to send it to the Bazaar. Now, Billy Mattis, you want to send this hat to that girl in the office."

"Orris!"

"Now own up."

"Orris, I don't even know where she lives. I never spoke one word to her out of the office. I want the hat to send to the Bazaar. You believe what I say?"

"Yes, Billy, of course, I was only joking. I believe you, but oh! I wish you were more like other men. Billy, sometimes you frighten me."

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"WHY, Billy what a crowd!"

"Yes, lots of people."

"Just look at that! I wonder what it is, let's go see."

"Oh, no! We won't try to go all the way up, just let's see what it's about."

They made their way over to where a number of people were jostling each other to get close to one of the booths. By the time they reached the booth that was attracting so many people, some had satisfied their curiosity and had gone by and finally they were almost up to it. It was a beautiful glass case framed in gold and on a platform of very dark velvet suspended on a holder was a blue velvet hat.

It was the hat Billy had formed from one Orris had made. There was nothing else in the case. By the side of the case was a very pretty young girl in Watteau costume. A card resting on the velvet base, had simply the inscription in gold letters in deep embossed print, "The Establishment Miss O'Donoghue, New York."

They were too far in the crowd to talk much. Orris looked at Billy and he looked at her; her glance held surprise, almost fright; while his contained only triumph.

"Billy, you're a genius. It's magnificent!"

"Yes, I know it is. So's the price."

"How much?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Oh, Billy, that's nonsense. Nobody'd pay that. You're foolish, they'd only laugh at you."

"Dearie, you don't know people. Just come back a minute. If a thing's good, people don't mind the price. Now when I ask the girl the price, don't watch me, watch the crowd."

"All right."

When they finally reached the table, which took them some time, as the crowd was quite large, Billy drew Orris close to it, saying to the young lady, who did not discover the slightest interest in him—

"What is the price, please?"

"Three hundred dollars."

Most of the crowd could easily hear the question and answer. There was not the very tiniest little giggle, not even a smile, possibly some of the more ordinary opened their mouths—that was all.

"Satisfied, Orris?"

"Yes, of course, but suppose nobody buys? You must have spent a lot for the case. But, Billy, why did you send it as from New York? Why didn't you send it thru a firm here?"

"Nobody would have paid the price I want for it."

"Billy, I give you up. Nobody will pay such a price."

Just then Billy stopped, for someone had touched his arm. It was the girl in the Watteau dress, from the gold case.

"Instructions, Manager, the hat is sold."

"New York at once. Put the sold sign up with the price on."

"I did."

"Good. Go home."

"Billy, what does it mean, are you in business? Are you employed by this O'Donoghue firm?"

"No, I employ it. I am The Establishment Miss O'Donoghue, New York."

"Billy!"

(Continued on Page 15.)

RESURRECTION MORNIN'

BY R.E. ALEXANDER

"Ah Is Settin' in Blood Up t' Mah Ankles, an' Havin' t' Stop Ev'ry So Often an' Bresh Pieces ob Shell Off'n de Papah What Ah'm Writin' On."

WITH a fine eye to rhetorical effect, the sprightly Miss Olympia Carter was giving, for perhaps the dozenth time, a spirited reading of her soldier sweetheart's latest letter to a select circle of her most intimate friends, who listened and shuddered and exclaimed with a most satisfying unction.

"An' Ah tells yo' agin, honey, not t' worry, fo' Ah sho' got it fixed so them Botches can't evah git me, but Ah suah do wish yo' could see dis yere place wheah Ah is settin' in blood up t' mah ankles, an' havin' t' stop ev'ry so often an' bresh pieces ob shell off'n de papah what Ahm writin' on, an' right dis minute Ah couldn't heah ol' Miss Thomson's dinner-bell if it wuz rung right in mah ears fo' de bullets a rattlin' on mah hat. Jus' like hail dey is, on'y louder. Ah reckons Ah better go out now an' kill off about a dozen ob dem Bocks, 'cause dey am gittin' mighty troublesome an' then Ah'll come back an' finish dis heah letter, honey."

The reader paused and cast a triumphant glance about the applauding circle, its members vehemently approbative of this revelation of the writer's bloodthirsty sentiments and voicing such encomiums as:

"Ain't he jus' de beatinest man!"

"Jes' lissen to dat, now!"

"Ain' yo' proud ob him, Oly?"

"Mah goodness! An' t' think Ah useta spank dat air pickaninny jus' lak dat!" and the speaker brought her powerful hands together with a resonding clap.

The complacent prospective proprietor of so superior a brand of masculine excellence, basked delightedly in the sunshine of their adulation; but vanity of vanities, all is vanity, as an ancient party is believed to have remarked in a moment of disillusion, and it was just at this moment of superlative content that an inscrutable Fate saw fit to make a few slight changes in the life plan of Miss Olympia Carter.

A passing mail carrier flirted a letter thru the open doorway. It fell at the damsel's feet, and taking it up she saw that it was to herself, and bore the Government frank, and War Department heading, with "Official business" prominently displayed.

"Ah jus' wondah now does dey want me t' go, too?" soliloquized the martial maiden, turning the missive over and over in her hands.

"Why'n't yo' open hit, Oly', an' see?" spoke up a practical member of the impatient circle, perhaps sensing its contents and not unwilling to enact the pleasing role of "Job's comforter."

"Yaas, Oly', mebby dey done made Jim a gineral, or a sarjint, or somethin, lak dat, fur killin' off so many ob dem Gummans," spoke up another.

With a studied air of indifference, the calm Olympia tore open the envelope, smoothed out its contents, an official-looking document, and slowly absorbed the message typed thereon.

Then, with an anguished shriek which brought the startled company to their several feet, she flung up both hands, and as tho doing a high dive, flung herself upon the nearest unprotected bosom, almost bearing its astonished owner to the floor in a joint cataclysm.

"He's daid! My Jim's dome killed an' daid!" she wailed in highest C, and went off into a fighting brand of hysterics that caused for some minutes a mad scene of confusion in the little room.

THE bereft damsel was the possessor of a powerful and easy-working pair of lungs, and she used them to the utmost, mingling with her shrieks of woe, high-pitched denunciation of the Germans who had dared to rob her of her dearest possession, and voicing the most earnest assurances that she would "get" one or more of the "vilyuns" at the first opportunity. No virago of the famous Battalion of Death ever bore in the heat of the battle madness a more fearful aspect than did this dusky maiden as she called down invective upon the heads of her lover's slayers.

So violent a storm was necessarily somewhat slow of abatement, and it was some time before a comparative quiet was attained—said quiet being best comparable to that which dignifies a Bolshevist mass-meeting—and one of the excited group of sympathizers bethought herself of the fateful letter. A hasty search revealed it beneath a chair, in a badly rumpled condition, and on its being rescued, and first-aid applied, the disconsolate maiden, in a hark-from-the-tomb voice, requested that it be read aloud. It's salvager complied, amid a running fire of comment and a chorus of "Po' Oly'!"

Miss Olympy Cahtah:

We regret to infahm yo' dat Private James J. Jackson, Fohty-secon' Company, Foah Hunnerd an' Sixty-third Reg'munt, has bin killed in acshun. Yo ah named as his bena-benafishary.

"Now whut do dat mean?" A renewed outburst came, with a note of interrogation within, for the phrase "has named you his beneficiary" intrigued their curiosity, and the prevailing thought was voiced by one plain-spoken lady, who demanded.

"Jus' what am dat benafishary, anyway? What dat Wah Depahtment mean by callin' Oly' dat?"

Attention was centered upon the mysterious phrase, but no one was able to provide an acceptable explanation.

"Mus' be some Gubbermint word fo' feeangsay," decided the wearer of the title, "cause dat's all Ah wuz t' dat niggah, suah's yo' bohn!" she proclaimed, looking about her defiantly.

"Reckon dat's hit," assented a charitable hearer, but the note of conviction was painfully lacking.

Suddenly Miss Geranium Robbins, who sat facing the door, leaped to her feet, and running to the door gave a view-halloo which would have been a credit to any M. F. H.

"Hi! hi! Yo' there! 'Dolfus!" she shrieked, "Yo' 'Dolfus Grinder, c'mon heah a minute."

A tall, lemon-colored young gentleman, whose raiment would have convinced Solomon at once and forever of the utter inadequacy of his judgment in matters sartorial, stopped, looked, listened, and doffing a dazzling white Panama, be-ribboned in half the colors of the spectrum hastened to the fair Geranium's side, there delivering a bow which threatened no less than permanent dislocation of his supple spine.

"Ah tendahs yo' all de complemunts ob de mawnin' ob which yo' am so fain an ornymint, Miss Geranyum. Yo' is sho' lookin' as fraish an' as beautiful as yo' name complies."

"Go 'way now, 'Dolf," the blushing damself tittered, "Dis year am a berry sad umcasion. Mis' Oly's feeangsay's done bin killed in de wah."

With a speed which did great credit to his histrionic skill, the countenance of the enlightened one lengthened, becoming fixed in such presentment of respectful grief as would have graced the most solemn of obsequies, and his voice was hushed and reverent as he replied.

"You' don' say! Ah sho' am powerful sorry, dat's a fac'. But heah we is, one minute nourishin' lak de bay-rum tree, an' de nex' minute heah we ain't. Jus' cut off lak a dandy-lion," and he heaved a sigh which would have gone well on any stage.

"MISS CAHTAH done got a letter from de Gubbermint which weuns can't jus' understan', an' ah thought, seein' as yo' am a collidge graduate, yo' might be willin' t' step in an' 'splain hit fo' us."

"Certumly, certumly, Mis' Geranyum, ah is on'y too glad t' 'vote mah po' talents t' de serbus ob de 'flicted. Ah'll transcribulate dat letter fo' de lady, an' welcome. Jus' lead me to hit."

Miss Geranium withdrew her ample form from the doorway, giving entrance to the chivalrous Adolphus, whose mien was more solemn than any major prop-

Mr. Grinder Assumed the Ponderous Air of Authority.

het's, as entering he bowed deeply to the flustered circle, who variously ducked and bobbed their heads in embarrassed acknowledgment.

The bereaved damsel rolled a languishing and teary eye upon the visitor, while listening to Miss Robbin's fulsome introduction.

"Sis' Oly', dis yere is Mistuh 'Dolfus Grinder, a Chawlston gemmun, an' a gradumate ob de Barnum Corresspondense collidge, an' ah thought mebby he could tell yo' jus what Gubbermint meant by dat benafishary name."

The lady fittingly acknowledged Mr. Grinder's sweeping salutation, and fixing him with a watery eye, spoke mournfully.

"Ah shuah am sorry we should meet lak dis, Mistuh Grindah, but de good Lawd knows bes', an' He has seen fit t' afflic' me. Ah sho would be glad t' hab yo' tell me just' what Mistuh Wah Depahtment means by callin' me dat air name.'

A fresh outburst of indignant grief here acted as a temporary stay to proceedings, while Mr. Grinder stood nervously fingering his hat and wishing himself safely elsewhere.

Quiet once more restored, he was given the fatal letter, upon which he bent an owlish gaze, reading it first to himself, then aloud, while the circle sat in silence, awaiting the decision of the oracle.

"Yo' is discumcerted 'bout de name ob——?" he inquired of its owner.

"Ah wants t' know just' what dat

"Yo' Is Goin' Straight Back to Yo' Ol' Job o' Whitewashin' an' Yo' Is Gwine t' Stick, Yo' Lazy Do-nuffin' Niggah, Yo'."

benafishary wohd means," announced the aggrieved maiden in no uncertain tones.

Mr. Grinder assumed the ponderous air of authority.

"De meanin' ob dat po'tion ob de c'munication am quite cleah t' me," he announced weightily. "Hit means dat de late Mistuh Jackson, yo' feeansay, ——" and he bowed to the eager Olympia—"has done left yo' all his Gubermint 'surance money. Ten thousand dollahs," he concluded sonorously.

Had a German shell landed in the room it could scarcely have had a more startling effect than this surprising interpretation of the baffling statement. A babel of excited comment arose, and that which had lately been—in the felicitous phrase of Irvin Cobb—a grand lodge of sorrow, became on the instant something very much akin to a good old darky jubilee meeting.

"Good Lawd-a-massy! Ten thousand dollahs!"

"Why, yo' is suah rich, Oly'."

"Now, what does yo' think ob dat?"

"Ain't dat gran'?"

"Whatebbah you' gwine do wid all dat money, Oly'?" etc., etc.

The distressed damsel whose cloud had so suddenly presented its silver lining, could at first say nothing to the gratulatory chorus, but finally, rising from her chair and rescuing the letter from the hands of Adolphus, she spoke loudly.

"I'se gwine downtown right away, an' see Marse Tom about dis. In course, Ah don' doubt you' word, Mistuh Grindah," she apologized to that gentleman for her seeming disbelief in his powers of interpretation, "but Marse Tom Welborn, he knows, an' he kin tell me jus' how Ahm gwine git all dat money. If Gubbermint gwine pay me ten thousan' dollahs fo' dem Botches my Jim killed, why Ah suah gwine collec' hit right away."

PERHAPS an hour later the judiciously mourning Miss Olympia might have been seen descending the steep stairway leading to the offices of Thomas Welborn, attorney-at-law, over the Knoxall drug store, and the observer could have readily sensed the air of triumph that was quite palpably mingled with her grief, for Miss Olympia was philosopher enough to know that prospective husbands, even of the Jim Jackson stamp, were reasonably plentiful, while $10,000 was something else entirely.

The Hon. Thomas, for whose dainty young wife Olympia at times condescended to perform certain culinary and other duties, had assured her that Mr. Grinder's interpretation was correct, except in little detail; she would get, not a lump sum of $10,000, but the interest of the same, amounting to the snug sum of $50 monthly. Olympia didn't mind, in fact, rather preferred this assurance of a future free from all financial worry, to the nebulous sum—to her—of $10,000 in hand, and the Honorable Tom quite agreed with her as to the desirability of this.

She could live the life of a lady of leisure, and also she would be the matrimonial prize of the town, and quite leave in the shade that stuck-up Marybell Allen, with her $2,000 of her father's insurance money, now, alas, but a modicum of the original $2,000; but the scent of money, like the scent of roses, lingers long after the actuality has passed, and Marybell, by virtue of her one-time affluence, was still the recognized leader of colored society. Certainly, thought Olympia, this envied position must now pass to her, and she chuckled audibly as she envisioned a golden future as social arbitress, with a throng of the most eligible suitors clamoring at her door. She was busy with plans for her enthronement all her homeward way.

Mr. Grinder meanwhile had retired to his bachelor apartments over the New Home Restaurant, the possessor of a fund of information which was—as the French remark—causing him furiously to think, and there he sat down to consider how best to improve a situation which promised much to one possessed of boldness and address, say one Adolphus Grinder.

Here was a not unattractive damsel, owner of a fortune which would insure to any man a life of "sweet do-nothing," practically waiting the plucking, and Adolphus entertained no mean opinion of his skill in such art. In his native Charleston he had been a renowned "lady-killer," and a trail of disconsolate maids and matrons had long marked his passage whithersoever he went. His half-formed thought to woo and win the lady Olympia became a high resolve, and he lost no time setting on foot plans to make his dream come true.

Adolphus was never one to let the grass grow in the highways of his schemes. Making instant inventory of his resources, he issued forth, and sought first a florist's, whence he despatched an immense bunch of only slightly withered blooms to the residence of the bereaved one; then hied him to a confectioner's, from whose portals, immediately following his entrance, might have been seen speeding a sable messenger, bearing a five-pound box of assorted sweetmeats, wherewith to further the lady's anguish.

Having thus fired the first guns of what he intended to be an intensive campaign, the satisfied Adolphus retired to Rolly Addison's Elite Pool Parlors, and there resolved himself into a Committee of Ways and Means for the Replenishment of a Depleted Exchequer.

THE following day Adolphus ventured to make a call of condolence, carrying with him further votive offerings, and his welcome was such that the call was prolonged for quite hours, at the expiration of which time each was in a pleasant state of bedazzlement with the other; tho it must be admitted that Adolphus' admiration for the abounding charms of the fair Olympia was measurably heightened by their being seen thru a rosy cloud of dollars; but to the lady the dapper Adolphus was a very glass of fashion and mold of form, and she pictured a social career under his tutelage which might have charmed the heart of an Atalanta.

The lady's conduct continued to be most circumspect for the succeeding few weeks, and it was not until there was small risk of setting the myriad tongues of scandal wagging, that she allowed the triumphant Adolphus to escort her downtown of an evening; and it was not until they appeared together at the grand ball of the Knights and Ladies of the Augustan Age, and were asked to lead the grand march, the highest honor in the gift of the management, that suspicion became certainty, and friends rejoiced and rivals despaired.

None of the local "bucks" dared to openly air the resentment they felt at having a strange "nigger" come to town and carry off the capital prize in the local matrimonial lottery, for Adolphus, whether deserved or no, enjoyed the reputation of a "bad man," and it was whispered darkly about that his absence from his native haunts was due to a perfectly reasonable reluctance to make the acquaintance of the white man's jail, for having so far exceeded the demands of etiquette as to trim away several of the more protuberant features of a rival at a Charleston social event. So spake the hundred tongues of rumor, and the local cavaliers listened and believed, and were effusively friendly to the adventurer whom they lacked the courage to challenge.

For purposes of pure fiction only, we shall consider the necessary red tape as having been unwound, or cut, and the stricken Miss Carter in receipt of her first monthly payment of $50, tho admittedly at the danger of giving something of an Arabian Nights tinge to our tale.

The news of this verification of the golden promise was not long in reaching the ears of the scheming Adolphus, and spurred him on to new and flaming heights of ardor. His passionate declarations were such as to force the lady to admit the existence of a kindred flame, and being quite carried away, as she afterward admitted, by his burning eloquence, she left a breach in her defenses, which the enamored one, observing, at once stormed, horse, foot and artillery, and in an amazingly short time found himself safely ensconced within and master of the citadel

While he mechanically returned the endearments of the amorously awakened Olympia, Adolphus permitted himself to relax into a pleasurable calculation. He intended to be in on the spending of the next $50 check.

"An' say, sweetheart, let's git mahied right off. Ah jus' can't wait fo' yo'. How about nex' Satiddy? An' den we'll go t' Atlanta f'r our honeymoon, an' git clean away from dese heah common niggers."

HIS inamorata laughed joyously and presented him with a resounding kiss.

"My laws, honey, yo' sho' am de lovin'est man! Ah ain't got any truso, or anything, an' you'll jus' hab t' wait till Ah kin git ready. An' what's moah, Ah ain' gonna hab dem sayin' dat Ah couldn't wait till Jim wuz col' befo' takin' up wid another man, even sich a man as

(Continued on Page 16.)

THIN ICE

By Peter Cotton

How Hallam Began Masquerading

DR. HEDRIC HALLAM, who has been practicing medicine in the northern part of the State of Washington, left his clientele there because of a mistake he had made in filling a prescription. He was unfortunate in the events that followed—he was cheated in a game of cards at Portland and put off the train at Eugene because somebody had stolen his purse and ticket. In Eugene he took a room at a mediocre boarding house and that same evening invited, and entertained in his lodgings a man who resembled him physically to a remarkable degree. The stranger died of heart failure while in Hallam's room and the doctor effected a change of garments and identification so that the dead man would be mistaken for him. Then he assumed the name of his double,

HENRY HAMILTON, and taking the letters, photographs and money which belonged to Hamilton, he set out for the other's home town, Rock Springs. Among the photographs was a picture of Hamilton's sweetheart,

NANCY MAYNARD, who appeared to be an attractive and spirited young girl.

Testing his ability to impersonate Henry Hamilton by going first to Pocotello where an acquaintance cashed a check for him, Hallam met with a difficulty at once—he was accepted as Hamilton without question but accused at once of an assault to murder, which Hamilton was thought to have made upon a man called Larson. Thru a Portland acquaintance,

BOWERS, Hallam proved an alibi—that he had been in Portland the night it was alleged the assault took place.

LYONS, the lawyer of Rock Springs, in charge of the senior Hamilton's estate, came to Pocotello upon hearing that Hamilton had re-appeared and thru him, the impostor received a fairly accurate conception of the situation he would have to face in Rock Springs. Cleared of the charge Larson had made, thru Lyons' good offices, Hallam considered himself out of danger until Powers made an insinuation as to the remarkable resemblance between Hallam and "the man who died in Eugene."

This story started in No. 25 the Ledger for June 19. Back copies may be had from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RETURN OF HENRY HAMILTON.

DR. HALLAM was not wrong in his conjecture regarding the people of Rock Springs. The favorable reports in the newspapers published there were heightened by Lawyer Lyons in his statement to a select aggregation at the postoffice, and the news was disseminated thruout the camp that Henry Hamilton had reformed and was coming home the next day. In fact Mr. Lyons infused considerable interest in the event by his glowing description of Hamilton's mental and moral improvement, and the following afternoon when the train reached Rock Springs the railroad station contained more than its usual quota of citizens.

Cold blasts of wind lent a sinister aspect to massing clouds and brought into sharp relief the ashen color of old wooden buildings which lined the principal thorofare of the town, giving to the irregular street an appearance of dullness and desolation. Across from the town rugged, uneven hills with gulches and ravines intervening between spirals of smoke indicated the location of the mines, while afar in the distance, like wooden promontories, arose the jagged heights of the Wind River range of mountains separating the southwestern corner of Wyoming from the Shoshone Indian Reservation.

Hills were everywhere; mines were everywhere—coal mines of steady production—and abounding among the mountainous gulches were the cabins of the miners, heterogeneous and diversified—Slavs, Swedes, Italians, Greeks, negroes, even Chinese. A few of the business buildings were of brick and some of the residences were pretentious, but on the whole the camp was typical of the West in its mining aspect, and it may be added as complementary to its prosperity and disposition, that saloons were in abundance.

The first lowering shades of eventide were falling as the train dashed into the station, stopped, and Dr. Hallam stepped from the coach to the platform. Being not unmindful that professional men bear the sign of their difference from the layman by some invisible cloak not discernible to the naked eye tho sensibly felt by the experienced mind, he sought to avoid any suggestion that would not be conformable to the possibilities of Henry Hamilton. With a plainsman's hat, and a soft, light gray shirt with a soft collar, he succeeded very well. He appeared not unlike a prosperous young man of the hills or plains—vigorous and strong and unconcerned.

Lyons hastened to him followed by other townspeople. Without knowing who they were he responded to their greetings with cheerful urbanity, and by the alertness of his wits he drew out their names and classified them with delicate precision. Quite unnoticed he scrutinized a few who remained in the background. The two faces which he sought for the most, which he knew he would recognize from description—storekeeper Maynard and his adopted daughter, Nancy—were not there. He thought he was glad they were not, for in the first flush of curiosity his eyes might have given rise to suspected thoughts different from those moving him, or have led to betrayal of the admiration constant study of her photograph had aroused.

As he bade those of them good-by who had come to speak to him, he believed his demeanor had been suited to the occasion, altho upon the faces of some who had remained in the background he fancied there was unkindly criticism. Mr. Lyons took him to his home for the night, thinking that would be more preferable than a hotel, and Dr. Hallam was thankful to go with him.

Mrs. Lyons was a cheerful-faced woman, but in despite of her cordial greeting her repeated scrutiny gave him moments of uneasiness and led him to believe that she was trying to reconcile present and past appearances—and he believed she was having difficulty in doing so. Caution suggested his removal from her presence before feminine curiosity pried open the lid of his secret and disclosed him to be a fraud. There were likely to be within her memory certain trivialties associated with Henry Hamilton which might lead to suspicion and then discovery, and he was not of a mind to lose all he had risked for the sake of a trifle—an unremembered incident.

DURING the evening Mr. Lyons outlined the possessions of the senior Hamilton and submitted the proposition of certain mine owners to buy his interests in their mines. Dr. Hallam instructed that the offer be accepted. In looking over the list of realty he discovered one store building, one dwelling house and a miner's shack.

"Where is the shack?" he asked.

Mr. Lyons pointed across the gulches. "Over the ravine," he said. "It stands on a slender, isolated hill with a table top. There are three rooms, a woodshed and a stable. But it is difficult of access. The ascent is a narrow, winding trail until you get to the top, then from there to the house there is a mesa-like stretch of land for five or six hundred yards. However, it commands a fine view of the town and the surrounding country."

"Is it vacant?" asked Dr. Hallam.

"It is at present."

"And did I understand you to say, Mr. Lyons, there was a young horse, a 4-year old, which you have been keeping for me?"

"I have kept him since your father died. He wanted you to have him and he was not quite 3 years old then. And let me tell you, Henry, there is not a finer, more intelligent beast in the country. He is superb."

The old lawyer's face beamed with his admiration, and Dr. Hallam responded with a smile of pleasure. Horses and dogs were his favorites; and when he learned that the youngster in question was as black as Erebus and exquisitely proportioned for speed and endurance, he felt an ardent wish to go and see him at once. Suppressing his inclination, he allowed his eyes to rest upon a handsome collie which lay on the rug by the fire. He expressed a desire for just such a dog and Mr. Lyons arose with a smile and went to the front door. Dr. Hallam heard him whistle, and a moment later he came back into the room followed by a long-withered animal with an extremely handsome head and eyes. He was half collie, half shepherd, brown and gray of color, and stood perhaps two and a half feet high. Lyons said he called him Fox because of his cunning and sagacity.

"There is a fellow that will stick to you thru thick and thin," he declared.

"Are you offering him to me?" Dr. Hallam asked, a light of pleasure in his eyes.

"I might as well," laughed the lawyer. "If you take the horse the dog will go with him. I never saw such an attachment as they seem to have."

Dr. Hallam called to Fox. And when he came with deliberate slowness to stand in front of him, the man, Hallam, lifted the dog's head and looked searchingly into his strong, intellient face; then with a rub of his muzzle and a pull at his ear he spoke to him in the voice, which dogs understand.

"You are my dog, Fox," he said. "You belong to me and Satan."

As the dog heard the stranger mention the name of the horse he lifted his head. Then, quite without intentional discourtesy, he lowered it between his feet, heightened his rear extremities, and stretched a long languid stretch.

"Good!" laughed Dr. Hallam. "Now lie down."

Fox obediently crouched at the doctor's feet.

"That settles it," cried lawyer Lyons. "He has accepted the friendship. And I may as well tell you that he is the most reserved, unapproachable dog in the town."

Dr. Hallam thought that with a dog and horse he could stand his proposed isolation very well, for he had decided during his conversation with Mr. Lyons to occupy the shack, so called, on the eminence of the hill with the declivitous trail, and to refrain from mingling with the citizens of Rock Springs as much as possible, his intention being to quickly sell the interests of Henry Hamilton and quietly decamp with the proceeds. In a general way he reasoned it out very thoroly, foreseeing with wisdom that haste could be best had thru slowness and reliance upon the lawyer. The interim he would devote to an intimate acquaintance with the surrounding country in the event of the need arising for him to suddenly "take to the woods."

His fears that he might have to resort to such an extremity had their source, he discovered as he lay in bed that night, almost entirely from the haphazard or purposeful remark of Powers in Pocotello. It gave him much anxiety. He was puzzled to know if there was a meaning connected with it—if Powrs suspected him, and of what: Whether he suspected him of being the fraudulent Henry Hamilton, or the rightful Henry Hamilton having knowledge of the death of the man buried as Dr. Hedric Hallam? Powers' words might not have had a sinister meaning, and he might not really have connected him with the Eugene incident. He knew that it would be difficult to discern the most striking similarities between himself and Henry Hamilton with Henry Hamilton dead, his eyes closed and his body stretched lengthwise beneath the gaze of the observer—and Powers' allusion to their resemblance may not have been ulterior. Yet, in despite of all reasoning to the contrary, he could not divest himself of the thought, and the fear that Powers was going to become a dangerous element in the situation.

He determined that as soon as he was settled in his home on the hill he would write him an experimental letter; so, dismissing worry from his mind, he welcomed Mrs. Lyon's delicate hint that it was bedtime with a feeling of inward satisfaction.

It does not matter whether a man's efforts are legitimately directed or not, if he succeeds, success inevitably brings a glow of pleasure. Dr. Hallam was permeated by just such warmth when he got into bed and closed his eyes in slumber. He had no compunction to keep him awake, and he slept the dreamless sleep of a child—or was it the careless sleep of a hardened man?

CHAPTER VIII.

"BATCHING IT."

THE house on the hill where Dr. Hallam took up his residence was primitive, but sufficient for all temporary purposes. After adding to the furniture and cooking utensils which were in it, a few articles for personal comfort he found he would be able to get along very nicely. The rear part of the premises ran back with but slight descent over a level hog-back to a smaller hill and from thence to the valley, several miles away. That trail led away from the town. Commencing more than three miles distant, it was disused and of no practical value to a resident other than one such as Dr. Hallam, who welcomed its broad sweep to the distant valley as a possible avenue to safety in time of need.

Within twelve hours after he took possession of the premises he provisioned his house, stabled his horse and stood before the kitchen stove in a maze of perplexity, for—be it known—he was not a cook. However, under necessity's tuition he learned within a few days to fry a flapjack or a steak without burning it, and he began to think that even with eggs selling at ninety cents a dozen and butter soaring around in the ethereal regions of the rich, he would be able to get along in princely style. He found some relief from the monotony by talking the situation over with Satan and the more or less argumentative Fox. They were both good auditors. With Fox to supervise his cooking with profound gravity distinctly accentuated by his interest in the process, he discovered after a week's time that he rather liked batching. The novelty and the loneliness of the rugged hills with their mysterious silences after nightfall, kept alive his interest and his gravity, and if they led to a clearer conception of the enormity of the crime he was commiting, they also crystallized his purposes and enabled him during moments of reflection to thoroly contemplate and plan a course of action.

Thus far he had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. But there were dark, unfathomable clouds on the distant horizon which might at any moment develop perils. The letter he had received from Powers was unsatisfying. It neither confirmed nor dissipated his suspicions, and therefore left him in anxious doubt of what Powers knew or did not know. Also, there was an element in Rock Springs which he discovered to be unfriendly. Its precise source he was unable to locate. But inasmuch as the men who seemed to harbor the feeling were of the lower class, he refused to let it worry him except in one instance. From that particular direction he divined that without the exercise of extreme caution he might get into trouble at any moment.

Ben Gilmore was a miner when he wasn't too lazy to work. He was also the town bully—the erstwhile friend of Henry Hamilton. From his conduct, Dr. Hallam inferred that Henry Hamilton, reformed, intelligent-looking and with a suggestion of culture in his appearance, did not meet with his approval. To the contrary, Gilmore was distinctly disposed to sneer at his old pal. To Dr. Hallam's dismay he appeared to be the one man who knew Hamilton the best, and therefore was the one man most dangerous to his impersonator. His disapproval of the doctor's appearance, so long as it remained nothing more, was altogether to his advantage. It served as an excellent reason for their keeping apart. But should Gilmore make advance either in a friendly or a menacing way the danger of discovery would be increased—so he was careful to avoid the taunting eyes and sneering face wherever possible.

As a matter of fact with the sale of the Hamilton estate progressing rapidly, there was really no reason for him to frequent the camp. The obsessing desire to see Nancy Maynard not having been satisfied, he went there oftener than prudent. He did even more. He invaded the grocery store of Pap Maynard upon the plea of buying provisions and sought to ascertain the precise nature of that gentleman's sentiments. Maynard's heavy face was as emotionless as a post and Dr. Hallam was inclined to believe that he was not recognized.

"Don't you know me Pap?" he asked in a genial way.

"Yes, I remember you," Maynard answered without the slightest change of countenance. "You have changed some and I hear you have quit being a rowdy."

SINGULARLY, Dr. Hallam felt embarrassed—as tho he had actually been what Maynard called him.

"I have," he replied. "I put all that to one side when I left here. I have been studying and improving and I would like to have every one think well of me—you and Miss Nancy. How is she? I hope well."

"Did you want to buy something?" asked Pap with imperturbable gravity.

Dr. Hallam flushed. "I did. I would like a package of coffee."

As Maynard wrapped it up and tendered it to him he discerned in his eyes a keen, questioning light, which he decided upon reflection might mean any one of many things. It might mean interest in his regenerated appearance, or speculation as to his purposes regarding Nancy, or something else entirely. However, he made it clear that mention of his daughter would not be tolerated, and per se, a renewal of their acquaintance unadvisable. As he was about to depart a horse and rider dashed up to the store and stopped a second. Before Dr. Hallam could turn his head the rider wheeled about and all he could see was the shapely form of a woman clad in a gray suit, sitting astride a handsome roan. A light blue veil was wound about her hat and served from behind to cover her hair with its meshen folds and protect it from the dust. He had sight of her back for the fraction of a minute. Intuitively he knew that she was Miss Maynard. He turned to Maynard with a question upon his lips. Finding the storekeeper's cold eyes fixed intently upon him, he silently took up his package and went out.

The interview had been a failure and he was forced to admit he had been worsted in his attempts at conciliation. Moreover, it appeared that Miss Maynard was entirely conformable to the wishes of her father. He felt in his throat the muscular commotion of a contemptuous laugh, and asked himself with a certain amount of lofty disdain, what need there was to concern himself about a girl who was evidently avoiding him, if indeed her avoidance was not the thing he should welcome, since it would eliminate a danger he had chosen from the commencement to regard as one of the greatest to be encountered. Yet, despite his heroic and sensible determination to let well enough alone, the very obstacles placed in front of him, Pap Maynard's opposition, the watchful interest and curiosity of the camp, and above all the maiden's wiiful elusiveness, heightened his desires and aroused his stubborness.

Should Gilmore Make Advances, Either in a Friendly or a Menacing Way, the Danger of Discovery Would Be Increased.

He went into a jewelry store and bought a powerful army telescope, moved thereto by a feeling of perversity which proved conclusively that women have not a monopoly on that characteristic. Instinctively, his mind acting in psychological unison with events, put two and two together and reached a result altogether too nebulous for him to define. All he knew in an unreasoning way was that Pap Maynard's house was within range of his cabin and that Pap Maynard's daughter went horseback riding—he and the telescope and other suggestive thoughts would do the rest.

And they did.

Sitting upon a campstool in front of his door with Fox sprawling beside him, he leveled the telescope upon Pap Maynard's house and brought it within a stone's throw in front of him. The house was clearly outlined. A porch with lattice work run across the front of it; it was inclosed by a green picket fence and there was a wire screen separating a corner of the rear into a chicken yard. He saw Miss Maynard for a moment among the chickens and then she went indoors. His glass was not strong enough to portray her intimate features, but he could see that she had a lovely face, and by her movements that she had grace of carriage which was very attractive. Suddenly a thought occurred to him—that her avoidance was altogether in rebuttal of any belief that she had ever at any time entertained the sentiments of Henry Hamilton. He chose to take that view of it. A cynical critic might also observe that that is precisely the view any man would take who is falling in love; but Dr. Hallam would have assured you that such a thing as love had never for a moment entered his thoughts. Indeed, he would have said that he feared her more than any one else and that he wished to meet her solely as a critical test of his ability to successfully impersonate a man she had known and would perhaps remember. And he might have added, if he was in a particularly defiant mood, that the opposition of the camp and Pap Maynard had something to do with it.

As he sat upon the stool sweeping the surrounding country with his glass and watching occasionally the movements of some one in town he had come to know, he directed its focus again upon the Maynard home, and to his mild surprise and reawakened interest he saw Miss Maynard leading the beautiful, clean-cut roan out of a side gate. He watched her gather up the reins, place one hand upon the pommel of the saddle, a foot in the stirrup, and mount with the easy grace of one long accustomed to the experience. Then he stood up and with his glass to his eyes he trailed her movements along the winding ravine until it became apparent she was heading for the basin lying within the range of hills somewhat to the north—a section of country adjacent to the end of the trail leading from his cabin over the hog-back.

The opportunity for a detour and of meeting her as tho he were coming from the opposite direction was suggestively present. Without stopping to reason upon the fitness of such a course, he hastily threw a saddle upon Satan. With Fox trailing behind, he dashed away over the trail and wound around the lower hills into the basin with as much impetuosity as a boy. Had he been able to see himself in a glass as he swung along, the expression on his face would have at least been educational.

CHAPTER IX.

TEARING DOWN THE BARRIERS.

BUT for all of his ardent desire to encounter Miss Maynard he was doomed to disappointment. His erect figure upon the handsome horse as it dashed across the narrow, level stretch of land con-

necting the crests of the hills, was distinctly silhouetted against the distant sky, solitary and majestic. Being thus brought into bold relief it is not surprising that she saw him before he was lost in the winding trail of the lower hills. He, however, unaware that she had noticed him, swung into view a little later, and rode towards her at a leisurely canter. His mind was slightly aflutter with expectation not unmixed with fear and anxiety. She might be more discerning than the men had been and discover his falsity at a glance. Yet, deep within his heart, for some reason, there was an abiding sense of security. Lifting his eyes to glance at the oncoming girl, the smile upon his lips faded in dismay. She had wheeled her horse and put him to a brisk, unmistakable pace.

Dr. Hallam uttered an expletive of disappointment. But he did not alter his course. He kept steadily on as tho her coming or going had nothing to do with his movements. He cherished the delusive hope that by riding on and passing the Maynard home as tho it were his rightful road to town, she would not be sure that he had ridden around into the valley purposing to meet her. She had, of course, reached home and put her horse in the stable when he passed the house. Likewise, she was not visible. Distinctly disturbed by their near encounter, and her open avoidance of him, a petulant, complaining light gathered in his eyes and he whistled, as a boy would do, to assuage his disappointment.

With a covert glance at the green shuttered windows, he rode slowly into town, and quite by force of habit he went to the postoffice. There he received a letter from Powers which he read with frowning brow and troubled eyes. It was a long letter built up with many friendly expressions. The meat of it was in its conclusion. Powers wanted to borrow $500 for a few months and said, whether with intended significance Dr. Hallam could only surmise, that he would not regret the accommodation. In some indefinable way the letter brought back the old uneasy feeling touching Powers and his ambiguous statement made at the depot at Pocotello. While he would readily let him have $500, or $1,000, in remembrance of his assistance, he nevertheless felt, after reading the letter a second time, as tho he were being held up for it. But he sent the money.

And on the next afternoon he went to keep an engagement with Lawyer Lyons who had made an appointment with certain mining men wishing to purchase the Hamilton interest in their mines. After some discussion Dr. Hallam entered into an agreement to sell for $80,000, payable in two separate installments fifteen days apart, the first one to be within a period of ten days. He occasioned some surprise and speculation by insisting that both payments be made in cash. He had his reasons. Among them was the intention to quietly ship the money away to Eastern banks in exchange for certificates of deposit, so that no one would know where nor in what direction his funds were deposited.

Now Hallam is forced into the disquieting position of a man facing blackmail. And in the background of his thoughts there is always the tantalizing face of the photograph girl, the girl with tiptilted chin and spirited eyes—Nance Maynard. When he finally meets her—but it is charmingly told in the Ledger for July 10.

CROOKED TRAILS AND STRAIGHT

BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

This Outline Will Help You Recall Two Previous Installments.

ONE night in a card game, Luck Cullison lost heavily; when it was over he owed $2,500. One of the men who had been present at the game was

CASS FENDRICK, the owner of a sheep ranch, and an enemy of Cullison, the owner of the Circle C. They had been friends and of late they had been having differences about straying cattle and political matters. Luck intended to prove up on his Del Oro claim, which meant the loss of an important waterhole to Cass. When Cullison put the final legal seal on the homestead Cass would practically have to go out of business. After losing in the poker game Cullison went to every bank in Saguache trying to raise money, but failed.

JORDAN of the Cattleman's National Bank confided to Luck that he had $20,000 coming from El Paso on the Flyer. The next morning the news spread that the Flyer had been held up by a "lone bandit" and relieved of $20,000. Strangely enough, Luck Cullison went around that afternoon squaring up his numerous debts to friends whom he had told the day before that his financial circumstances were straitened. Suspicion became centered upon him. It grew stronger when he suddenly disappeared. At home at the ranch, Kate was beginning to wonder why her father did not return. She had an encounter with Cass Fendrick, and when he insinuated that her father had held up the train, she lashed him across the cheek with her quirt. She confided her anxiety about her father to her young cousin,

BOB CULLISON. The evidence against the ex-sheriff seemed damning. It was known that Jordan had confided to him about the money coming on the Flyer, also Luck's hat had been found on the scene of the robbery, an envelope was discovered, too, which bore in Luck's writing the number "20,000" and the words, "W. & S. Ex. Co." and "Tonight."

This story began in No. 22, the Ledger for May 29. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XV (Continued).

"AIN'T SHE THE GAMEST LITTLE THOROBRED?"

THE cattleman looked at her in surprise. Her voice rang with decision. Her slight figure seemed compact of energy and resolution. Was this the girl who had been in helpless tears not ten minutes before?

"I'll see if he's at his office. Maybe he'll come up," Curly said.

"No. I'll go down to the courthouse if he's there."

Flandrau got Bolt on the telephone at his room. After a little grumbling he consented to meet Miss Cullison at his office.

"Bob, you must go to bed. You're tired out," his cousin told him.

"I ain't, either," he denied indignantly. "Tired nothing. I'm going with you."

Curly caught Kate's glance, and she left the boy to him.

"Look here, Bob. We're at the beginning of a big job. Some of us have to keep fresh all the time. We'll work in relays. Tonight you sleep so as to be ready tomorrow."

This way of putting it satisfied the boy. He reluctantly consented to go to bed, and was sound asleep almost as soon as his head struck the pillow.

At the office of the sheriff, Kate cut to essentials as soon as introductions were over.

"Do you think my father robbed the W. & S. Express Company, Mr. Bolt?" she asked.

Her plainness embarrassed the officer.

"Let's look back at the facts, Miss Cullison," he began amiably. "Then you tell me what you would think in my place. Your father needed money mighty bad. There's no doubt at all about that. Here's an envelope on which he had written a list of his debts. You'll notice they run to just a little more than twenty thousand. I found this in his bedroom the day he disappeared."

She took the paper, glanced at it mechanically, and looked at the sheriff again. "Well? Everybody wants money. Do they all steal it?"

"Turn that envelope over, Miss Cullison. Notice how he has written there half a dozen times in a row, '$20,000,' and just below it twice, 'W. & S. Ex. Co.' Finally, the one word, 'Tonight.'"

She read it all, read it with a heart heavy as lead, and knew that there he had left in his own strong, bold handwriting convincing evidence against himself. Still, she did not doubt him in the least, but there could be no question now that he knew of the intended shipment, that absent-mindedly he had jotted down this data while he was thinking about it in connection with his own debts.

The sheriff went on tightening the chain of evidence in a voice that for all its kindness seemed to her remorseless as fate. "It turns out that Mr. Jordan of the Cattleman's National Bank mentioned this shipment to your father that morning. Mr. Cullison was trying to raise money from him, but he couldn't let him have it. Every bank in the city refused him a loan. Yet next morning he paid off $2,000, he owed from a poker game."

"He must have borrowed the money from some one," she said weakly.

"He paid that money in twenty-dollar bills. The stolen express package was in twenties. You know yourself that this is a gold country. Bills ain't so plentiful."

The girl's hand went to her heart. Faith in her father was a rock not to be washed away by any amount of evidence. What made her wince was the amount of circumstantial testimony falling into place so inexorably against him.

"Is that all?" she asked despairingly.

"I wish it were, Miss Cullison. But it's not. A man came round the corner and shot at the robber as he was escaping. His hat fell off. Here it is."

As Kate took the hat something seemed to tighten around her heart. It belonged to her father. His personality was stamped all over it. She even recognized a coffee stain on the under side of the brim. There was no need of the initials, "L. C.," to tell her whose it had been. A wave of despair swept over her. Again she was on the verge of breaking down, but controlled herself as with a tight curb.

Bolt's voice went on. "Next day your father disappeared, Miss Cullison. He was here in town all morning. His friends knew that suspicion was fastening on him. The inference is that he daren't wait to have the truth come out. Mind, I don't say he's guilty. But it looks that way. Now, that's my case. If you were sheriff in my place, what would you do?"

Her answer flashed back instantly. "If I knew Luck Cullison, I would be sure there was a mistake somewhere, and I would look for foul play. I would believe anything except that he was guilty—anything in the world. You know he has enemies."

The sheriff liked her spirited defense no less because he could not agree with her. "Yes, I know that. The trouble is that these incriminating facts don't come in the main from his enemies."

"You say the robber had on his hat, and that somebody shot at him. Whoever it was must know the man wasn't father."

Gently Bolt took this last prop from her hope. "He is almost sure the man was your father."

A spark of steel came into her dark eyes. "Who is the man?"

"His name is Fendrick."

"Cass Fendrick?" She whipped the word at him, leaning forward in her chair rigidly with her hands clinched on the arms of it. One could have guessed that the sound of the name had unleashed a dormant ferocity in her.

"Yes. I know he and your father aren't friends. They have had some trouble. For that reason he was very reluctant to give your father's name."

The girl flamed. "Reluctant! Don't you believe it! He hates father like poison." A flash of inspiration came to her. She rose, slim and tall and purposeful. "Cass Fendrick is the man you want, and he is the man I want. He robbed the express company, and he has killed my father or abducted him. I know now. Arrest him tonight."

"I have to have evidence," Bolt said quietly.

"I can give you a motive. Listen. Father expected to prove up yesterday on his Del Oro claim. If he had done so Cass Fendrick's sheep would have been cut off from the water. Father had to be got out of the way not later than Wednesday, or that man would have been put out of business. He was very bitter about it. He had made threats."

"It would take more than threats to get rid of the best fighting man in Arizona, right in the middle of the day, in the heart of the town, without a soul knowing about it." The officer added with a smile: "I'd hate to undertake the contract, give me all the help I wanted."

"He was trapped somehow, of course," Curly cut in. For he was sure that in no other way could Luck Cullison have been overcome.

"If you'll only tell me how, Flandrau," Bolt returned.

"I don't know how, but we'll find out."

"I hope so."

Kate felt his doubt, and it was like a spark to powder.

"Fendrick is your friend. You were elected by his influence. Perhaps you want to prove that father did this."

"The people elected me, Miss Cullison," answered Bolt, with grave reproach. "I haven't any friends or any enemies when it comes to doing things what I've sworn to do."

"Then you ought to know father couldn't have done this. There is such a thing as character. Luck Cullison simply couldn't be a thief."

Mackenzie's faith had been strengthened by the insistent loyalty of the girl. "That's right, Nick. Let me tell you something else. Fendrick knew Luck was going to prove up on Thursday. He heard him tell us at the Round-up Club Tuesday morning."

The sheriff summed up. "You've proved Cass had interests that would be helped if Mr. Cullison were removed. But you haven't shaken the evidence against Luck."

"We've proved Cass Fendrick had to get father out of the way on the very day he disappeared. One day later would have been too late. We've shown his enmity. Any evidence that rests on his word is no good. The truth isn't in the man."

"Maybe not, but he didn't make this evidence."

Kate had another inspirational flash. "He did—some of it. Somehow he got hold of father's hat, and he manufactured a story about shooting it from the robber's head. But to make his story stick he must admit he was on the ground at the time of the hold-up. So he must have known the robbery was going to take place. It's as plain as old Run-a-Mile's Wart that he knew of it because he planned it himself."

Bolt's shrewd eyes narrowed to a smile. "You prove to me that Cass had your father's hat before the hold-up, and I'll take some stock in the story."

"And in the meantime," suggested Curly.

"I'll keep right on looking for Luck Cullison, but I'll keep an eye on Cass Fendrick, too."

Kate took up the challenge confidently. "I'll prove he had the hat—at least I'll try to pretty hard. It's the truth, and it must come out somehow."

After he had left her at the hotel, Curly walked the streets with a sharp excitement tingling his blood. He had lived his life among men, and he knew little about women and their ways. But his imagination seized avidly upon this slim, dark girl with the fine eyes that could be both tender and ferocious, with the look of combined delicacy and strength in every line of her.

"Ain't she the gamest little thoroBred ever?" he chuckled to himself. "Stands the acid every crack. Think of her standing pat so game—just like she did for me that night out at the ranch. She's the best argument Luck has got."

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO HATS ON A RACK.

ONE casual remark of Mackenzie had given Kate a clew. Even before she had explained it, Curly caught the point and began to dig for the truth. For tho he was almost a boy, the others leaned on him with the expectation that in the absence of Maloney he would take the lead. Before they separated for the night he made Mackenzie go over every detail he could remember of the meeting between Cullison and Fendrick at the Round-Up Club. This was the last time the two men had been seen together in public, and he felt it important that he should know just what had taken place.

In the morning he and Kate had a talk with his uncle on the same subject. Not content with this, he made the whole party adjourn to the club rooms so that he might see exactly where Luck had sat and the different places the sheepman had stood from the time he entered until the poker players left.

Together Billie Mackenzie and Alec Flandrau dramatized the scene for the young people. Mac personated the sheepman, came into the room, hung up his hat, lounged over to the poker table, said his little piece as well as he could remember it, and passed into the next room. Flandrau, Senior, taking the role of Cullison, presently got up, lifted his hat from the rack, and went to the door.

With excitement trembling in her voice, the girl asked an eager question. "Were their hats side by side like that on adjoining pegs?"

Billie turned a puzzled face to his friend. "How about that, Alec?"

"That's how I remember it."

"Same here, my notion is."

"Both gray hats?" Curly cut in.

His uncle looked helplessly at the other man. "Can't be sure of that. Luck's was gray all right."

"Cass wore a gray hat too, seems to me," Mackenzie contributed, scratching his gray hair.

"Did father hesitate at all about which one to take?"

"No-o. I don't reckon he did. He had turned to ask me if I was coming—wasn't looking at the hats at all."

Curly looked at Kate and nodded. "I reckon we know how Cass got Mr. Cullison's hat. It was left on the rack."

"How do you mean?" his uncle asked.

"Don't you see?" the girl explained, her eyes shining with excitement. "Fa-

ther took the wrong hat. You know how absent-minded he is sometimes."

Mackenzie slapped his knee. "I'll bet a stack of blues you've guessed it."

"There's a way to make sure," Curly said.

"I don't get you."

"Fendrick couldn't wear Mr. Cullison's hat around without the risk of some one remembering it later. What would he do then?"

Kate beamed. "Buy another at the nearest store."

"That would be my guess. And the nearest store is the New York Emporium. We've got to find out whether he did buy one there Tuesday some time after 9 o'clock in the morning."

The girl's were sparkling. She bustled with businesslike energy. "I'll go and ask right away."

"Don't you think we'd better let Uncle Alec find out? He's not so likely to stir up curiosity," Curly suggested.

"That's right. Let me earn my board and keep," the owner of the Map of Texas volunteered.

Within a quarter of an hour Alec Flandrau joined the others at the hotel. He was beaming like a schoolboy who has been given an unexpected holiday.

"You kids are right at the head of the class in the detective game. Cass bought a brown hat, about 9:30 in the mo'ning. Paid $5 for it. Wouldn't let them deliver the old one but took it with him in a paper sack."

With her lieutenants flanking her Kate went straight to the office of the sheriff. Bolt heard the story out and considered it thoughtfully.

"You win, Miss Cullison. You haven't proved Fendrick caused your father's disappearance by foul play, and you haven't proved he committed the robbery. Point of fact I don't think he did either one. But it certainly looks like he may possibly have manufactured evidence."

Curly snorted scornfully. "You're letting your friend down easy, Mr. Bolt. By his own story he was on the ground a minute after the robbery took place. How do we know he wasn't there a minute before? For if he didn't know the hold-up was going to occur why did he bring Mr. Cullison's hat with him punctured so neatly with bullet holes?"

"I'll bet a thousand dollars he is at the bottom of this whole thing," Mackenzie added angrily.

The sheriff flushed. "You gentlemen are entitled to your opinions just as I'm entitled to mine. You haven't even proved he took Mr. Cullison's hat; you've merely showed he may have done it."

"WE'VE given you a motive and some evidence. How much more do you want?" Curly demanded.

"Hold your hawses a while, Flandrau, and look at this thing reasonable. You're all prejudiced for Cullison and against Fendrick. Talk about evidence! There's ten times as much against your friend as there is against Cass."

"Then you'll not arrest Fendrick?"

"When you give me good reason to do it," Bolt returned doggedly.

"That's all right, Mr. Sheriff. Now we know where you stand," Flandrau, Senior, said stiffly.

The harassed official mopped his face with a bandanna. "Sho! You all make me tired. I'm not Fendrick's friend while I'm in this office any more than I'm Luck's. But I've got to use my judgment, ain't I?"

The four adjourned to meet at the Del Mar for a discussion of ways and means.

"We'll keep a watch on Fendrick—see where he goes, who he talks to, what he does. Maybe he'll make a break and give himself away," Curly said hopefully.

"But my father—we must rescue him first."

"As soon as we find where he is. Me, I'm right hopeful all's well with him. Killing him wouldn't help Cass any, because you and Sam would prove up on the claim. But if he could hold your father a prisoner and get him to sign a relinquishment to him he would be in a fine position."

"But father wouldn't sign. He ought to know that."

"Not thru fear your father wouldn't. But if Fendrick could get at him some way he might put down his John Hancock. With this trouble of Sam still unsettled and the Tin Cup hold-up to be pulled off he might sign."

"If we could only have Fendrick arrested——"

"What good would that do? If he's guilty he wouldn't talk. And if he is holding your father somewhere in the hills it would only be serving notice that we were getting warm. No, I'm not for a still hunt. Let Cass ride around and meet his partners in this deal. We'll keep an eye on him all right."

"Maybe you're right," Kate admitted with a sigh.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

SHERIFF BOLT, tho a politician, was an honest man. It troubled him that Cullison's friends believed him to be a partisan in a matter of this sort. For which reason he met more than half way Curly's overtures. Young Flandrau was in the office of the sheriff a good deal, because he wanted to be kept informed of any new developments in the W. & S. robbery case.

It was on one of those occasions that Bolt tossed across to him a letter he had just opened.

"I've been getting letters from the village cut-up or from some crank, I don't know which. Here's a sample."

The envelope, addressed evidently in a disguised hand, contained one sheet of paper. Upon this was lettered roughly,

"Play the Jack of Hearts."

Flandrau looked up with a suggestion of eagerness in his eyes.

"What do you reckon it means?" he asked.

"Search me. Like as not it don't mean a thing. The others had just as much sense as that one."

"Let's see the others."

"I chucked them into the waste paper basket. One came by the morning mail yesterday and one by the afternoon. I'm no mind reader, and I've got no time to guess fool puzzles."

Curly observed that the waste paper basket was full. Evidently it had not been emptied for two or three days.

"Mind if I look for the others?" he asked.

Bolt waved permission. "Go to it."

The young man emptied the basket on the floor and went over its contents carefully. He found three communications from the unknown writer. Each of them was printed by hand on a sheet of cheap lined paper torn from a scratch pad. He smoothed them out and put them side by side on the table. This was what he read:

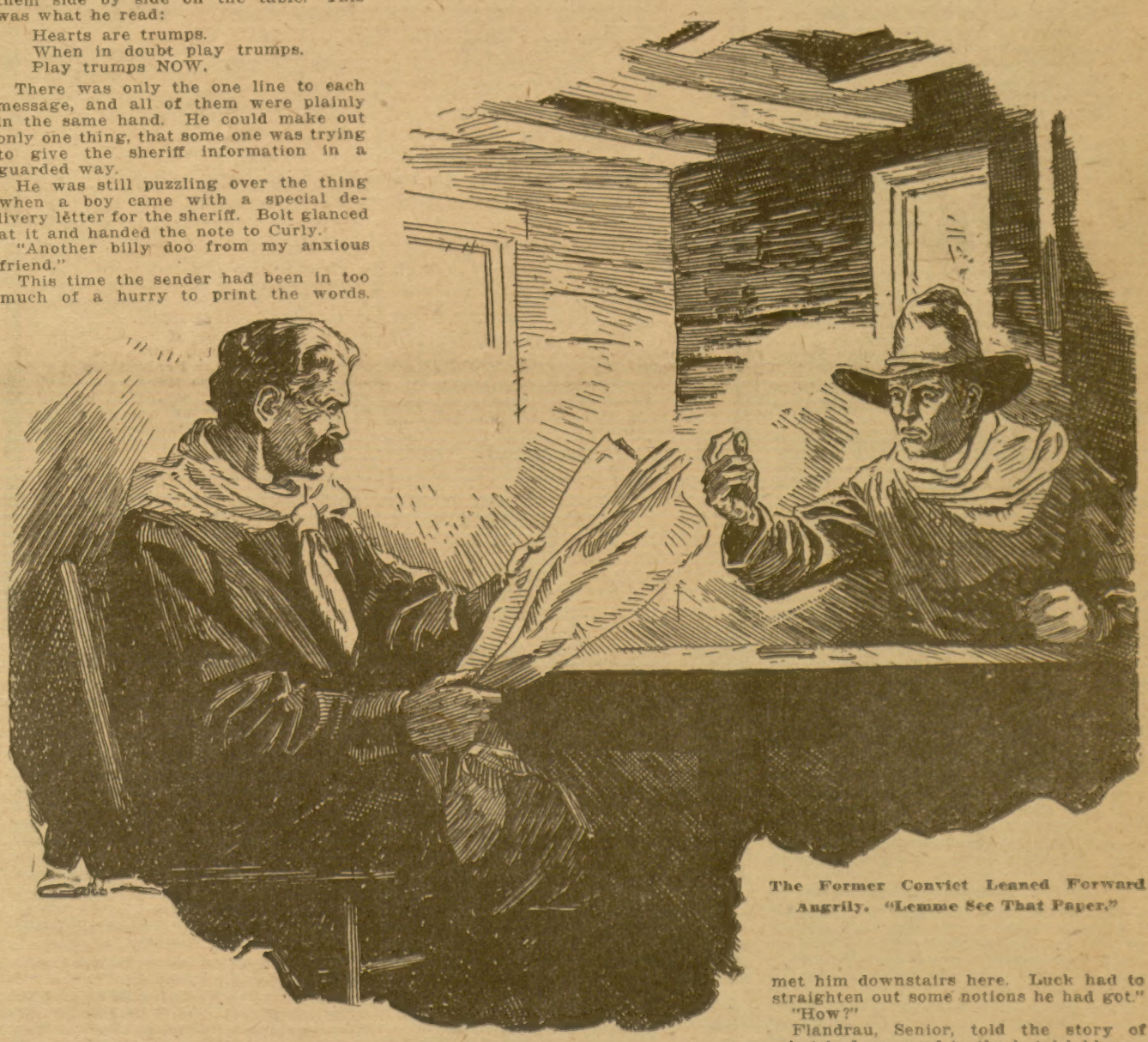
Hearts are trumps.
When in doubt play trumps.
Play trumps NOW.

There was only the one line to each message, and all of them were plainly in the same hand. He could make out only one thing, that some one was trying to give the sheriff information in a guarded way.

He was still puzzling over the thing when a boy came with a special delivery letter for the sheriff. Bolt glanced at it and handed the note to Curly.

"Another billy doo from my anxious friend."

This time the sender had been in too much of a hurry to print the words.



The Former Convict Leaned Forward Angrily. "Lemme See That Paper."

They were written in a stiff hand by some uneducated person.

The Jack of Trumps, today.

"Mind if I keep these?" Curly asked.

"Take 'em along."

Flandrau walked out to the grand stand at the fair grounds and sat down by himself there to think out what connection, if any, these singular warnings might have with the vanishing of Cullison or the robbery of the W. & S. He wasted three precious hours without any result. Dusk was falling before he returned.

"Guess I'll take them to my little partner and give her a whack at the puzzle," he decided.

Curly strolled back to town along El Molino street and down Main. He had just crossed the old Spanish plaza when his absorbed gaze fell on a sign that brought him up short. In front of a cigar store stretched across the sidewalk a painted picture of a jack of hearts. The same name was on the window.

Fifty yards behind him was the Silver Dollar Saloon, where Luck Cullison had last been seen on his way to the Del Mar 150 yards in front of him. Somewhere within that distance of 200 yards the owner of the Circle C had vanished from the sight of men. The evidence showed he had not reached the hotel, for a cattle buyer had been waiting there to talk with him. His testimony, as well as that of the hotel clerk, was positive.

Could this little store, the Jack of Hearts, be the central point of the mystery? In his search for information Curly had already been in it, had bought a cigar, and had stopped to talk with Mrs. Wylie, the proprietor. She was a washed-out little woman who had once been pretty. Habitually she wore a depressed, hopeless look, the air of pathetic timidity that comes to some women who have found life too hard for them. It had been easy to alarm her. His first question had evidently set her heart a-flutter, but Flandrau had reassured her cheerfully. She had protested with absurd earnestness that she had seen nothing of Mr. Cullison. A single glance had been enough to dismiss her from any possible suspicion.

NOW Curly stepped in a second time. The frightened gaze of Mrs. Wylie fastened upon him instantly. He observed that her hand moved instinctively to her heart. Beyond question she was in fear. A flash of light clarified his mind. She was a conspirator, but an unwilling one. Possibly she might be the author of the anonymous warnings sent Bolt.

The young vaquero subscribed for a magazine and paid her the money. Tremblingly she filled out the receipt. He glanced at the slip and handed it back.

"Just write below the signature 'of the Jack of Hearts,' so that I'll remember where I paid the money if the magazine doesn't come," he suggested.

She did so, and Curly put the receipt in his pocket carelessly. He sauntered leisurely to the hotel, but as soon as he could get into a telephone booth his listlessness vanished. Maloney had returned to town and he telephoned him to get Mackenzie at once and watch the Jack of Hearts in front and rear. Before he left the booth Curly had compared the writing of Mrs. Wylie with that on the sheet that had come by special delivery. The loop of the J's, the shape of the K's, the formation of the capital H in both cases were alike. So, too, was the general lack of character common to both, the peculiar hesitating drag of the letters. Beyond question the same person had written both.

Certainly Mrs. Wylie was not warning the sheriff against herself. Then against whom? He must know her antecedents, and at once. There was no time for him to mole them out himself. Calling up a local detective agency, he asked the manager to let him know within an hour or two all that could be found out about the woman without alarming her.

"Wait a moment. I think we have her on file. Hold the phone." The detective presently returned. "Yes. We can give you the facts. Will you come to the office for them?"

Fifteen minutes later Curly knew that Mrs. Wylie was the divorced wife of Lute Blackwell. She had come to Saguache from the mountains several years before. Soon after there had been an inconspicuous notice in the Sentinel to the effect that Cora Blackwell was suing for divorce from Lute Blackwell, then a prisoner in the penitentiary at Yuma. Another news item followed a week later stating that the divorce had been granted together with the right to use her maiden name. Unobstrusively she had started her little store. Her former husband, paroled from the penitentiary a few months before the rustling episode, had at intervals made of her shop a loafing place since that time.

Curly returned to the Del Mar and sent his name up to Miss Cullison. With Kate and Bob there was also in the room Alec Flandrau.

The girl came forward lightly to meet him with the lance-straight poise that always seemed to him to express a brave spirit ardent and unafraid.

"Have you heard something?" she asked quickly.

"Yes. Tell me, when did your father last meet Lute Blackwell so far as you know?"

"I don't know. Not for years, I think. Why?"

The owner of the Map of Texas answered the question of his nephew. "He met him the other day. Let's see. It was right after the big poker game. We met him downstairs here. Luck had to straighten out some notions he had got."

"How?"

Flandrau, Senior, told the story of what had occurred in the hotel lobby.

"And you say he swore to get even?"

"That's what he said. And he looked like he meant it, too."

"What is it? What have you found out?" Kate implored.

The young man told about the letters and Mrs. Wylie.

"We've got to get a move on us," he concluded. "For if Lute Blackwell did this thing to your father it's mighty serious for him."

Kate was white to the lips, but in no danger of breaking down. "Yes, if this man is in it he would not stop at less than murder. But I don't believe it. I know father is alive. Cass Fendrick is the man we want. I'm sure of it."

Curly had before seen women hard as nails; gaunt, strong mountaineers as tough as hickory withes. But he had never before seen that quality dwelling in a slim girlish figure of long soft curves—never seen it in a face of dewy freshness that could melt to the tenderest pity. She was like flint, and yet she could give herself with a passionate love to those she loved. He had seen animals guard their young with that same alert eager abandon. His conviction was that she would gladly die for her father if it were necessary. As he looked at her with hard unchanging eyes, his blood

quickened to a fierce joy in her it had known for no other woman.

"First thing is to search the Jack of Hearts and see what's there. Are you with me, Uncle Alec?"

"I sure am, Curley;" and he reached for his hat.

Bob, too, was on his feet. "I'm going. You needn't any of you say I ain't, for I am."

Curly nodded. "If you'll do as you're told, Bob."

"I will. Cross my heart."

"May I come, too?" Kate pleaded.

SHE was a strong-willed, impulsive young woman, and her deference to Curly flattered him; but he shook his head none the less.

"No. You may wait in the parlor downstairs and I'll send Bob to you with any news. There's just a chance this may be a man's job, and we want to go to it unhampered." He turned at the door with his warm smile. "By the way, I've got some news I forgot. I know where your father got the money to pay his poker debts. Mr. Jordan of the Cattlemen's National made him a personal loan. He figured it would not hurt the bank, because the three men Luck paid it to would deposit it with the bank again."

"By George, that's what we did, too; every last one of us," his uncle admitted.

"Every little helps," Kate said, and her little double nod thanked Curly.

The young man stopped a moment after the others had gone. "I'm not going to let Bob get into danger," he promised.

"I knew you wouldn't," was her confident answer.

At the corner of the plaza Curly gave Bob instructions.

"You stay here and keep an eye on every one that passes. Don't try to stop anybody. Just size them up."

"Ain't I to go with you? I got a gun."

"You're to do as I say. What kind of a soldier would you make if you can't obey orders? I'm running this. If you don't like it, trot along home."

"Oh, I'll stay," agreed the crestfallen youth.

Maloney met them in front of the Jack of Hearts.

"Dick, you go with me inside. Uncle Alec, will you keep guard outside?"

"No, bub, I won't. I knew Luck before you were walking bowlegged," the old cattleman answered brusquely.

Curly grinned. "All right. Don't blame me if you get shot up."

Mrs. Wylie's startled eyes told tales when she saw the three men. Her face was ashen.

"I'm here to play trumps, Mrs. Wylie. What secret has the Jack of Hearts got hidden from me?" young Flandrau demanded, his hard eyes fastened to her timorous ones.

"I—I—I don't know what you mean."

"No use. We're here for business. Dick, you stay with her. Don't let her leave or shout a warning."

He passed into the back room, which was a kind of combination living room, kitchen and bedroom. A door led from the rear into a back yard littered with empty packing cases, garbage cans and waste paper. After taking a look around the yard he locked the back door noiselessly. There was no other apparent exit from the kitchen-bedroom except the one by which he and his uncle had entered from the shop. But he knew the place must have a cellar, and his inspection of the yard had showed no entrance there. He drew back the Navajo rug that covered the floor and found one of the old-fashioned trap doors some cheap houses have. Into this was fitted an iron ring with which to lift it.

From the darkness below came no sound, but Curly's imagination conceived the place as full of shining eyes glaring at him. Any bad men down there already had the drop on them. Therefore neither Curly nor his uncle made the mistake of drawing a weapon.

"I'm coming down, boys," young Flandrau announced in a quiet confident voice. "The place is surrounded by our friends, and it won't do you a whole lot of good to shoot me up. I'd advise you not to be too impulsive."

He descended the steps, his face like a stone wall for all the emotion it recorded. At his heels came the older man. Curly struck a match, found an electric bulb over his head, and turned the button. Instantly the darkness was driven from the cellar.

The two Flandraus were quite alone in the room. For furniture there was a table, a cot which had been slept in and not made up, and a couple of rough chairs. The place had no windows, no means of ventilation except thru the trap door. Yet there were evidences to show that it had recently been inhabited. Half-smoked cigars littered the floor. A pack of cards lay in disorder on the table. The Sentinel, with date line of that date, lay tossed in a corner.

The room told Curly this at least: There had been a prisoner here with a guard or guards. Judging by the newspaper they had been here within a few hours. The time of sending the special delivery letter made this the more probable. He had missed the men he wanted by a very little time. If he had had the gumption to understand the hints given by the letters Cullison might now be eating supper with his family at the hotel.

"Make anything out of it?" the older Flandrau asked.

"He's been here, but they're taken him away. Will you cover the telephoning? Have all the ranches notified that Luck is being taken into the hills so they can picket the trails."

"How do you know he is being taken there?"

"I don't know. I guess Blackwell is in it. He knows every nook of the hills. The party left here not two hours since, looks like."

Curly put the newspaper in his pocket and led the way back to the store.

"The birds have flown, Dick. Made their get-away thru the alley late this afternoon, probably just after it got dark." He turned to the woman. "Mrs. Wylie, murder is going to be done, I shouldn't wonder. And you're liable to be held guilty of it unless you tell us all you know."

She began to weep, helplessly, but with a sort of stubborness, too. Frightened she certainly was, but some greater fear held her silent as to the secret. "I don't know anything about it," she repeated over and over.

"Won't do. You've got to speak. A man's life hangs on it."

But his resolution could not break her, incomparably stronger than she tho he was. Her conscience had driven her to send veiled warnings to the sheriff. But for very fear of her life she dared not commit herself openly.

Maloney had an inspiration. He spoke in a low voice to Curly. "Let's take her to the hotel. Miss Kate will know how to get it out of her better than we can."

Mrs. Wylie went with them quietly enough. She was shaken with fears but still resolute not to speak. They might send her to prison. She would tell them nothing—nothing at all. For some one who had made terror the habit of her life had put the fear of death into her soul.

The Call of the Back Trail

(Wherein the baseball veteran has a message to deliver.)

I've heard the call of the uncut, pal—
I've heard the call as it always comes;
It's nix for me in the big corral,
And back again with the booms and bums;
I can't hit 'em a mile and run 'em out,
I can dig 'em up with never a slip;
But what's the use when the showdown comes
And you got a kink in your salary whip?

My lamps are good as they ever was—
My props still hold me for the hit and run;
I'm still out there for the oldtime "sock"
With a couple o' weeks in the summer sun;
But I've heard the call as it always comes—
I've bought my ticket and packed my grip;
For what's the use of the rest of it
When you got a kink in your salary whip?

I come from the bush twelve years ago;
I've had my day and I'm going back;
I can't peg one from the plate to first,
The glass is there and I heard it crack;
I can hit 'em far as I ever could—
I can go and get 'em with never a slip—
But the old soup bone's on the blink at last—
I got a kink in my salary whip.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MESSAGE IN CIPHER.

WHILE Kate listened to what Curly had to tell her the dark eyes of the girl were fastened upon the trembling little woman standing near the door.

"Do you mean that she is going to let my father be killed rather than tell what she knows?" Her voice was sharply incredulous, touched with a horror scarcely realized.

"So she says."

Mrs. Wylie wrung her hands in agitation. Her lined face was a mirror of distress.

"But that's impossible. She must tell. What has father ever done to hurt her?"

"I—I don't know anything about it," the harassed woman iterated.

"What's the use of saying that when we know you do? And you'll not get out of it by sobbing. You've got to talk."

Kate had not moved. None the less her force, the upblaze of feminine energy in her, crowded the little storekeeper to the wall. "You've got to tell—you've just got to," she insisted.

The little woman shrank before the energy of a passion so vital. No strength was in her fight. But she could and did offer the passive resistance of obstinate silence.

Curly had drawn from his pocket the newspaper found in the cellar. His eyes had searched for the date line to use as cumulative evidence, but they had remained fastened to one story. Now he spoke imperatively.

"Come here, Miss Kate."

She was beside him in an instant. "What is it?"

"I'm not sure yet, but—— Look here. I believe this is a message to us."

"A message?"

"From your father perhaps."

"How could it be?"

"I found the paper in the cellar where he was. See how some of these words are scored. Done with a finger nail, looks like."

"But how could he know we would see the paper, and if we did see it would understand?"

"He couldn't. It would be one chance in a million, but all his life he's been taking chances. This couldn't do any harm."

Her dark head bent beside his fair one with the crisp sun-reddened curls.

"I don't see any message. Where is it?"

"I don't see it myself—not much of it. Gimme time."

This was the paragraph upon which his gaze fastened, and the words and letters were scored sharply as shown below, tho in the case of single letters the mark ran thru them instead of underneath, evidently that no mistake might be made as to which was meant.

J. P. Kelley of the ranger force reports over the telephone that by unexpected good luck he has succeeded in taking prisoner the notorious Jack Foster of Hermosilla and the Rincons notoriety and is now bringing him to Saguache where he will be locked up pending a disposition of his case. Kelley succeeded in surprising him while he was eating dinner at a Mexican roadhouse just this side of the border.

"Do you make it out?" Maloney asked, looking over his shoulders.

Curly took a pencil and an envelope from his pocket. On the latter he jotted down some words and handed the paper to his friend. This was what Maloney read:

..... luck ..... prisoner ... Jack ... of He ... a ... R..... t ..... s now ..... Saguache.....locked up pending a disposition of his case. .....succeeded in surprising him.....

"Read that right ahead."

Dick did not quite get the idea, but Kate, tense with excitement, took the envelope and read aloud:

"Luck——prisoner——Jack of Hearts——now Saguache——locked up pending a disposition of his case——succeeded in surprising him." She looked up with shining eyes. "He tells us everything but the names of the people who did it. Perhaps somewhere else in the paper he may tell that, too."

But, tho they went over it word for word they found no more. Either he had been interrupted, or he had been afraid that his casual thumb nail pressures might arouse the suspicion of his guards if persisted in too long.

"He's alive somewhere. We'll save him now." Kate cried it softly, all warm with the joy of it.

"Seems to let our friend Fendrick out," Maloney mused.

"Let's him out of kidnaping Uncle Luck, but maybe not out of the robbery," Bob amended.

"DOESN'T let him out of either. Somebody was in this with Blackwell. If it wasn't Cass Fendrick then who was it?" Kate wanted to know.

"Might have been Soapy Stone," Dick guessed.

"Might have been, but now Sam has gone back into the hills to join Soapy; the gang would have to keep it from Sam. He wouldn't stand for it."

"No, not for a minute," Kate said decisively.

Curly spoke to her in a low voice. "You have a talk with Mrs. Wylie alone. We'll pull our freights. She'll tell you what she knows." He smiled in his gentle winning way. "She's sure had a tough time of it if ever a woman had. I reckon a little kindness is what she needs. Let her see we're her friends and will stand by her, that we won't let her come to harm because she talks. Show her we know everything anyhow but want her to corroborate details."

It was an hour before Kate joined them, and her eyes, tho they were very bright, told tales of tears that had been shed.

"That poor woman! She has told me everything. Father has been down in that cellar for days under a guard. They took him away tonight. She doesn't know where. It was she sent the warnings to Sheriff Bolt. She wanted him to raid the place, but she dared not go to him."

"Because of Blackwell?"

"Yes. He came straight to her as soon as he was freed from the penitentiary. He had her completely terrorized. It seems she has been afraid to draw a deep breath ever since he returned. Even while he was in the hills she was always looking for him to come. The man used to keep her in a hell and he began bullying her again. So she gave him money, and he came for more—and more."

Curly nodded. He said nothing, but his strong jaw clamped.

"He was there that day," the girl continued. "She plucked up courage to refuse him what little she had left because she needed it for the rent. He got hold of her arm and twisted it. Father heard her cry and came in. Blackwell was behind the door as it

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Just your name and address so that we can ship this beautiful Voile dress to you at our expense on your approval. Examine it before your mirror and let your friends pass their approval before you come to any decision. If you are not firmly convinced that you have saved at least $5.00 by purchasing direct from us, it is absolutely your privilege to return this dress at our expense and your money will be refunded immediately.

This stunning voile dress is made of an excellent quality of flowered voile that will give exceptional wear. Notice the beautiful vestee made of white organdie and trimmed with edging of an exquisite pattern of lace. The cuffs are also of white organdie and the lace intensifies the effect. Large white buttons run down the front.

Colors: Dark blue, brown and light blue, background with white flower pattern.

Sizes: Misses and small women, 14 to 18. 34-to-50.

NOW—By all means act immediately, if you are not desirous of being disappointed, for we know that our tremendous stock will last only a short period of time. Every woman who sees this offer will be sure to take advantage of this exceptional opportunity.

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opened: He struck with a loaded cane and father fell unconscious. He raised it to strike again, but she clung to his arm and called for help. Before he could shake her off another man came in. He wrenched the club away."

"Fendrick?" breathed Curly.

"She doesn't know. But the first thing he did was to lock the outer door and take the key. They carried father down into the cellar. Before he came to himself his hands were tied behind his back."

"And then?"

"They watched him day and night. Fendrick himself did not go near the place—if it was Fendrick. Blackwell swore to kill Mrs. Wylie if she told. They held him there till tonight. She thinks they were trying to get father to sign some paper."

"The relinquishment, of course. That means the other man was Fendrick."

Kate nodded. "Yes."

Curly rose. The muscles stood out in his jaw hard as steel ropes.

"We'll rake the Rincons with a fine tooth comb. Don't you worry. I've already wired for Bucky O'Connor to come and help. We'll get your father out of the hands of those hell hounds. Won't we, Dick?"

The girl's eyes admired him, a lean, hard-bitten Westerner, with eyes as unblinking as an Arizona sun and with muscles like wire springs. His face still held its boyishness, but it had lost forever the irresponsibility of a few months before. She saw in him an iron will, shrewdness, courage and resource. All of these his friend Maloney also had. But Curly was the prodigal son, the sinner who had repented. His engaging recklessness lent him a charm from which she could not escape. Out of ten thousand men there were none whose voice drummed on her heart strings as did that of this youth.

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE FRIENDS OF I. C. SERVE NOTICE."

TWO men sat in a log cabin on opposite sides of a cheap table. One of them was immersed in a newspaper. His body was relaxed, his mind apparently at ease. The other watched him malevolently. His fingers caressed the handle of a revolver that protruded from the holster at his side. He would have liked nothing better than to have drawn it and sent a bullet crashing into the unperturbed brain of his prisoner.

There were reasons of policy why it were better to curb this fascinating desire, but sometimes the impulse to kill surged up almost uncontrollably. On these occasions Luck Cullison was usually "deviling" him, the only diversion that had been open to the ranchman for some days past. Because of its danger—for he could never be quite sure that Blackwell's lust for swift vengeance would not overpower discretion—this pastime made a peculiar appeal to the audacious temper of the owner of the Circle C.

From time to time as Luck read he commented genially on the news.

"I see Tucson is going to get the El Paso & Southwestern extension after all. I'll bet the boys in that burg will be right tickled to hear it. They sure have worked steady for it."

Blackwell merely scowled. He never relaxed to the give-and-take of casual talk with his captive. Given his way, Cullison would not be here to read the Sentinel. But the brains of the conspiracy had ruled otherwise and had insisted, too, upon decent treatment. With one ankle securely tied to a leg of the table, there was no danger in freeing the hands of the cattleman, but his hosts saw that never for an instant were hands and feet at liberty together. For this man was not the one with whom to take chances.

"Rudd has been convicted of forgery and taken to Yuma. Seems to me you used to live there, didn't you?" asked the cattleman with cool insolence, looking up from his paper to smile across at the furious convict.

Blackwell was livid. The man who had sent him to the territorial prison at Yuma dared to sit there, bound and unarmed, and taunt him with it.

"Take care," he advised hoarsely.

Cullison laughed and went back to the paper.

"'Lieutenant O'Connor of the Arizona Rangers left town today for a short trip into the hills, where he expects to spend a few days hunting.' Hunting what, do you reckon? Or, hunting who, I should say. Ever meet Bucky O'Connor, Blackwell? No, I reckon not. He's since your time. A crackerjack, too! Wonder if Bucky ain't after some friends of mine."

"Shut up," growled the other.

"Sure you'll be shut up—when Bucky lands you," retorted Luck cheerfully. Then, with a sudden whoop: "Hello 'Here's a personal to your address. Fine! They're getting ready to round you up, my friend. Listen. 'The friends of L. C. serve notice that what occurred at the Jack of Hearts is known. Any violence hereafter done to him will be paid for to the limit. No guilty man will escape.' So the boys are getting busy. I figured they would be. Looks like your chance of knocking me on the head has gone down Salt River. I tell you, nowadays a man has to grab an opportunity by the tail when it's there."

The former convict leaned forward angrily. "Lemme see that paper."

His guest handed it over, an index finger pointing out the item. "Large as life, Blackwell. No, sir. You certainly didn't ride herd proper on that opportunity."

"Don't be too sure it's gone, Mr. Sheriff."

The man's face was twisted to an ugly sneer, back of which lurked cruel menace. The gray eyes of Cullison did not waver a hair's breadth.

"It's gone. I'm as safe as if I were at the Circle C."

"Don't you think it."

"They've got you dead to rights. Read that personal again. Learn it by heart. 'The friends of L. C. give warning.' You better believe they're rounding up your outfit. They know I'm alive. They know all about the Jack of Hearts. Pretty soon they'll know where you've got me hidden."

"You'd better pray they wont. For if they find the nest it will be empty."

"Yes?" Luck spoke with ironical carelessness, but he shot an alert keen glance at the other.

"That's what I said. Want to know where you will be?" the other triumphed.

"I see you want to tell me. Unload your mind."

Triumph overrode discretion. "Look out of that window behind you."

LUCK turned. The cabin was built on a ledge far up on the mountain side. From the back wall sloped for a hundred feet an almost perpendicular slide of rock.

"There's a prospect hole down there," Blackwell explained savagely. "You'd go down the Devil's Slide—what's left of, you, I mean—deep into that prospect hole. The timberings are rotted and the whole top of the working ready to cave in. When your body hits it there will be an avalanche—with Mr. Former-sheriff Cullison at the bottom of it. You'll be buried without any funeral expenses, and I reckon your friends will never know where to put the headstone."

The thing was devilishly simple and feasible. Luck, still looking out of the window, felt the blood run cold down his spine, for he knew this fellow would never stick at murder if he felt it would be safe. No doubt he was being well paid, and tho in this workaday world revenge has gone out of fashion there was no denying that this ruffian would enjoy evening the score. But his confederate was of another stripe, a human being with normal passions and instincts. The cattleman wondered how he could reconcile it to his conscience to go into so vile a plot with a villian like the convict.

"So you see I'm right: you'd better pray your friends won't find you. They can't reach here without being heard. If they get to hunting these hills you sure want to hope they'll stay cold, for just as soon as they get warm it will be the signal for you to shoot the chutes."

Luck met his triumphant savagery with an impassive face. "Interesting if true. And where will you be when my my friends arrive? I reckon it won't be a pleasant meeting for Mr. Blackwell."

"I'll be headed for Mexico. I tell you because you ain't liable to go around spreading the news. There's a horse saddled in the dip back of the hill crest. Get it?"

"Fine." Cullison came back. "And you'll ride right into some of Bucky O'Connor's rangers. He's got the border patroled. You'd never make it."

"Don't worry. I'd slip thru. I'm no tenderfoot."

"What if you did? Bucky would drag you back by the scruff of the neck in two weeks. Remember Chavez."

He referred to a murderer whom the lieutenant of rangers had captured and brought back to be hanged later.

"'Chavez was a fool."

"Was he? You don't get the point. The old days are gone. Law is in the saddle. Murder is no longer a pleasant pastime." And Cullison stretched his arms and yawned.

From far below there came thru the open window the faint click of a horse's hoofs ringing against the stones in the dry bed of a river wash. Swiftly Blackwell moved to the door, taking down a rifle from its rack as he did so. Cullison rose noiselessly in his chair. If it came to the worst he meant to shout aloud his presence and close with this fellow. Hampered as he was by the table, the man would get him without question. But if he could only sink his fingers into that hairy throat while there was still life in him he could promise that the Mexican trip would never take place.

Blackwell, from his place by the door, could keep an eye both on his prisoner and on a point of the trail far below where horsemen must pass to reach the cabin.

"Sit, down," he ordered.

Cullison's eyes were like finely-tempered steel. "I'd rather stand."

"By God, if you move from there——" The man did not finish his sentence, but the rifle was already half lifted. More words would have been superfluous.

A rider came into sight and entered the mouth of the canyon. He was waving a white handkerchief. The man in the doorway answered the signal.

"Not your friends this time, Mr. Sheriff," Blackwell jeered.

"I get a stay of execution, do I?" The cool drawling voice of the cattleman showed nothing of the tense feeling within.

He resumed his seat and the reading of the newspaper. Presently, to the man that came over the threshold he spoke with a casual nod.

"Morning, Cass."

Fendrick mumbled a surly answer. The manner of ironical comradeship his captive chose to employ was more than an annoyance. To serve his ends it was necessary to put the fear of death into this man'e heart, which was a thing he had found impossible to do. His foe would deride him, joke with him, discuss politics with him, play cards with him, do anything but fear him. In the meantime the logic of circumstances was driving the sheepman into a corner.

He had on impulse made the owner of the Circle C his prisoner. Seeing him lie there unconscious on the floor of the Jack of Hearts, it had come to him in a flash that he might hold him and force a relinquishment of the Del Oro claim. His disappearance would explain itself if the rumor spread that he was the W. & S. express robber. Cass had done it to save himself from the ruin of his business, but already he had regretted it fifty times. Threats could not move Luck in the least. He was as hard as iron.

SO THE sheepman found himself between the upper and the nether millstones. He could not drive his prisoner to terms, and he dared not release him. For, if Cullison went away unpledged, he would surely send him to the penitentiary. Nor could he hold him a prisoner indefinitely. He had seen the "personal" warning in both the morning and the afternoon papers. He guessed that the presence of the ranger Bucky O'Connor in Saguache was not a chance. The law was closing in on him. Somehow Cullison must be made to come thru with a relinquishment and a pledge not to prosecute. The only other way out would be to let Blackwell wreak his hate on the former sheriff. From this he shrank with every instinct. Fendrick was a hard man. He would have fought it out to a finish it necessary. But murder was a thing he could not do.

He had never discussed the matter with Blackwell. The latter had told him of this retreat in the mountains and they had brought their prisoner here. But the existence of the prospect hole at the foot of the Devil's Slide was unknown to him. From the convict's revenge he had hitherto saved Luck. Blackwell was his tool rather than his confederate, but he was uneasily aware that if the man yielded to the elemental desire to kill his enemy the law would hold him, Cass Fendrick, guilty of the crime.

"Price of sheep good this week?" Cullison asked amiably.

"I didn't come here to discuss the price of sheep with you." Fendrick spoke harshly. A dull anger against the scheme of things burned in him. For somehow he had reached an impasse from which there was neither advance nor retreat.

"No. Well, you're right there. What I don't know about sheep would fill several government reports. Of course I've got ideas. One of them is——"

"I don't care anything about your ideas. Are you going to sign this relinquishment?"

Luck's face showed a placid surprise. "Why, no, Cass. Thought I mentioned that before."

"You'd better." The sheepman's ha-

(Continued on Page 18.)

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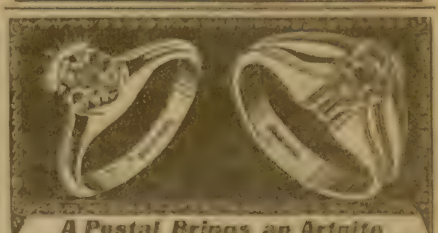

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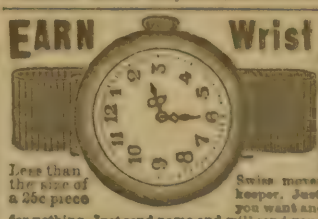

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An Officer And A Lady

BY REX T. STOUT

BILL FARDEN had had his eye on the big brick house on the corner for some time.

He had worked one in that block—the white frame with the latticed porch farther down toward Madison street—during the early part of March, and had got rather a nice bag. He figured that by now things would have calmed down sufficiently in this neighborhood to permit a quiet hour's work without undue danger.

It was a dark night, or would have been but for the street lamp on the corner, and an hour past midnight.

He nodded his head with satisfaction, then advanced across the lawn to that side of the house left in deep shadow.

Two large windows loomed up side by side, then a wide expanse of brick, then two more. After a leisurely examination he chose the second of the first pair. A rap from his electric flash showed the old-fashioned catch snapped to.

Grinning professionally, he took a thin, shining instrument from his pocket, climbed noiselessly onto the ledge and inserted the steel blade in the slit. A quick jerk, a sharp snap, and he leaped down again. He cocked his ear.

No sound.

The window slid smoothly upward to his push and the next instant his deft, acustomed hand had noiselessly raised the inner shade. Again he lifted himself onto the ledge, and this time across it, too. He was inside the house.

He stood for a time absolutely motionless, listening. The faintest of scratching noises came from the right.

"Bird," Bill observed mentally, and his experienced ear was corroborated a moment later when the light of his electric flash revealed a canary blinking thru the bars of its cage

There was no other sound, and he let the cone of light travel boldly about the apartment. It was a well furnished library and music room, with a large shining table, shelves of books along the walls, a grand piano at one end, and several comfortable chairs. Bill grunted and moved toward a door at the further corner.

He passed thru, and a glance showed him the dining-room. Stepping noiselessly to the windows to make sure that the shades were drawn tight, he then switched on the electric chandelier There was a promise in the array of china and cutglass spread over that buffet and sideboard, and with an expectant gleam in his eye he sprang to open the heavy drawers.

The first held linen; he didn't bother to close it again. The second was full of silver, dozens, scores of pieces of old family silver. In a trice Bill flew to the ledge of the window by which he had entered and was back again with a suit case in his hand.

When the silver, wrapped in napkins, was safely in the suitcase, Bill straightened and glanced sharply around. Should he leave at once with this rare booty so easily obtained? He shook his head with decision and returned to place the suitcase on the window ledge in the library; then he came back, switched off the light in the dining-room, and entered the kitchen.

By unerring instinct he stepped to the refrigerator. A flash of his pocket lamp, and he gave a satisfied grunt. He turned on the light. From the recesses of the icebox he brought forth a dish of peas, some sliced beef, half a chicken, some cold potatoes, and part of a strawberry shortcake. In a drawer in the kitchen cabinet he found a knife and fork and some spoons.

HE HAD finished the meat and vegetables and was beginning on the shortcake, when all of a sudden he sprang noiselessly from his chair to the electric button on the wall. A tiny click and the room was in darkness. He crouched low against the wall, while the footsteps that had startled him from above became louder as they began to descend the back stairs.

There still might be a chance to make the door into the dining-room, but he decided against it. Scarcely breathing, he pulled himself together and waited. The footsteps became louder still; they halted, and he heard a hand fumbling at the knob of the stairway door. The noise of the opening door followed.

Bill's mind was working like lightning. Probably some one had been awake and seen the light from a slit thru the window shade. Man or woman? He would soon know.

The footsteps sounded on the floor, advancing, and his eyes, accustomed to the darkness, caught a dim outline Noiselessly his hand sought the side pocket of his coat and fumbled there The figure approached; it was now quite close, so close that all Bill had to do was rise swiftly to his feet and close his fingers in their viselike grip.

A curious penetrating odor filled the air and a sputtering, muffled cry came from the intruder. A short, sharp struggle, and the form sank limply to the floor. Kneeling down, Bill passed the damp sponge a little longer against the nostrils and mouth until the body had quite relaxed, then returned the sponge to the pocket that held the chloroform tube.

He switched on the light and surveyed his prostrate anesthetized victim It was a powerful-looking woman in a blue flannel nightgown; feet large and red, face coarse in feature and of contour Scandinavian; probably the cook

"Hep, Hep, Hep—Lift Your Feet Higher—Breathe Thru Your Nose—Hep, Hep, Hep——"

Bill wasted little thought on her. The point was that his blood was up now. He had had the taste of danger and his eyes gleamed. He shot a glance at the open stairway door .

A moment later his shoes were off, strung from his belt by their laces, and he was on his way up—silently, warily. The eleventh step creaked a little and he stopped short.

Two minutes and no sound.

He went on to the top of the stairs and halted there, standing a while to listen before risking his electric flash. Its rays showed him a long, wide hall with two doors on one side and three on the other, all closed, so he moved noiselessly on to the further end, the front of the the house. listened a moment at the crack of a door and then cautiously turned the knob and entered, leaving the door open behind him.

His ear told him instantly that he was not alone; the room was occupied: he heard some one breathing. His nerves were drawn tight now, his whole body alert and quivering with the pleasurable excitement of it, like a thoroughbred at the barrier.

A FAINT reflection of light from the street lamp came in thru the window, just enough to make out the dim forms of furniture and the vague lumpy outline under the covers on the bed. He heard a watch ticking; it became less audible when he had moved swiftly to the dressing-table and transferred the timepiece to his own pocket. He turned as by instinct toward the door of the closet, but halted, sharply half-way across the room.

There was something queer about that breathing. He listened tensely. Most Irregular. Surely not the respiration of a sleeper—and he was an expert on the subject. Suspicious, to say the least.

Like a flash he was at the bedside, and his sharp gaze detected a shuddering movement all over the form that lay there under the sheets. His hand flew to the side pocket of his coat, then he remembered that the chloroform tube was empty. In a fit of rashness he pressed the button of his pocket flash, and there on the pillow, in the center of the bright electric ray that shot forth he saw the face of a man with mouth wide open and eyes staring in abject terror—a man wide awake and petrified with fear.

Bill had seen such countenances before, and experience had taught him to waste no time in taking advantage of the wide-open mouth. So, moving with swift sureness, he filled that gaping aperture with the corner of a sheet, stuffing it in with conscientious thoroness. Then, while the man made feeble attempts to get loose, which Bill impatiently ignored, he tied his hands and feet and made the gag secure.

Gurglings barely audible came from the victim's nose; Bill made a threatening gesture, and they ceased. He proceeded calmly and methodically to rifle the room and closet. When he finished ten minutes later he had deposited in various places about his person two silver cigarette cases, three scarf-pins, five rings, a jeweled photograph-frame and $94 in cash.

He looked to see that his captive was securely tied, scowled ferociously into his face, tiptoed out of the room and closed the door behind him. He had been in the house not more than thirty minutes, and already two of the enemy had been rendered hors de combat, a bag of booty was waiting for him below, his stomach was full, and his clothing was loaded with money and jewelry. His chest swelled with pardonable pride. On with the dance!

Inflated and emboldened by success, he flashed his light impudently up and down the hall, finally deciding on the next door to the right on the opposite side. He advanced, noiselessly, turned the knob and entered. The light from the street lamp did not enter on this side, and the room was pitch dark.

For a moment he thought it unoccupied, then the sound of faint breathing came to his ear—quite faint and regular. He took a step toward the bed, then, magnificently scorning danger, turned to the wall near the door and felt for the electric button. He pushed; a click, and the room was flooded with light.

On the instant Bill sprang toward the bed, to forestall any outcry of alarm from its occupant. But he halted three paces away, with his arms half outstretched, at the sight that met his gaze.

There, under the silken coverlet, in the glare from the chandelier, he saw a sleeping child.

IT WAS a girl of 8 or 9 years; her little white arm was curved under her head, and her soft brown hair spread in glorious curled confusion over the pillow. Her breast moved regularly up and down with her gentle breathing, and her sweet red lips were opened a little by the smile of a dream.

Bill stood still and gazed at her. All of a sudden he felt big and dirty and burly and clumsy, and entirely out of place, and turning slowly to glance about the room, he saw that it was well suited to its occupant.

There was a small dressing-table, a chest of drawers, a writing-desk and two or three chairs, all in dainty pink with delicately figured covers. On one corner of the desk stood a silver telephone instrument. The wall was a pure white, with pink flowers and animals scattered in profusion along the border. A low wide bookcase, with full shelves, stood at one end. A pair of little white shoes were in the middle of the floor; on a chair near by were the stockings and other garments.

Bill looked at them, and at the beautiful sleeping child, and at the child's beautiful room, and he felt something rise in his chest. Slowly his hand went to his head, and off came his cap.

He moved close to the bed and stood there looking down at its occupant. What he was thinking was that he had never before realized that a creature could be utterly helpless without thereby incurring the contempt of a strong man. There was something strangely stirring in the thought. Perhaps after all, physical force was not the only power worth having. Here was the little child lying there utterly helpless, and yet, in fact, far more secure from injury at his hands than a powerful man would have been.

No, force was not made to be used against helpless beings like her. What

would he do if she should awake and cry out? He would talk to her and quiet her. According to the best burglar tradition, it would even be allowable to take her on his knee, and if a tear or so appeared in his eye it would be nothing to be ashamed of.

But what if she would not be quieted? What if in her fright she should persist in spreading the alarm? Force, then? No. In that case he would simply beat it. He would drop a kiss on her soft brown hair and make his escape. He did, in fact, bend over the pillow and deposit an extremely clumsy kiss on a lock of her hair, probably in order to have that much done and over with.

He turned away, for he felt one of the tears already half way to his eye. A shiny something on the dressing-table caught his attention and he moved across to inspect it. It was a tiny gold wrist watch with enameled rim. He picked it up and looked at the name of the maker, and his eyes widened with respect.

EXPENSIVE trinket, that. Absurd to trust a child with it. No doubt she was very proud of the thing. He put it down again, spared even the impulse to put it in his pocket. He knew it would be useless to debate the matter with himself. What burglar would take anything from a sweet helpless child like——

"Hands up!"

The words came from behind him. They were uttered in a thin treble voice, as crisp and commanding as the snap of a whip. Bill wheeled like lightning and stood petrified.

The sweet, helpless child was sitting up straight in bed, and in her extended hand was a mean-looking little revolver, with the muzzle directed unerringly one inch above the apex of Bill's heart.

"Lord above us!" he ejaculated, his jaw dropping open in astonishment.

There was a short silence. The burglar's attitude of stupefaction gave way to an amused grin as he relaxed, but the steady brown eyes facing him were unwavering in their direct and business-like gaze.

"I would advise you to put your hands up before I count ten," said she, calmly. "One, two, three——"

"Really, now," Bill put in hastily, "I wouldn't advise you to shoot, little girl. You might scare some one. I won't hurt you."

"I don't shoot to scare people. I see you don't take me seriously. It may interest you to know that yesterday at the gallery of Miss Vanderhoof's academy I got nine straight centers from the hip. I am much better with the eye. I am Major Wentworth of Squadron A of the Girl's Military Auxiliary, and I am the crack shot of our regiment. Four, five, six"——

Bill was speechless. He calculated the distance to the bed. Easily ten feet. That revolver barrel was certainly aimed level. Nine straight centers from the hip, and much better with the eye. Coldish business. He hesitated. The brown eyes held his steadily.

"Seven, eight, nine——"

His keen eye saw the muscles of the little wrist begin to tighten. Up went his hands above his head.

"That's better," said the child approvingly. "I would have pulled the trigger in another half second. I had decided to get you in the right shoulder. Now turn your back, please, but keep your hands up."

Bill did so. Almost immediately came the command to turn about again. She had clambered out of bed and stood there on the rug with her pink nightgown trailing about her feet and her soft brown hair tumbling over her shoulders. She looked more tiny than ever. But the muzzle of the revolver wavered not a fraction of an inch as she stepped sidewise to the wall and pressed her finger against a button there. Nothing was said while she repeated the operation three times. More silence.

"Look here, little girl," Bill began earnestly, "There's no use gettin' your arm all tired with that toy gun. I ain't going to hurt you."

"You may call me Major Wentworth," was the reply he got.

"All right, major. But come, what's the use——"

"Stop. If you move again like that I'll shoot. I wonder what's the matter with Hilda. She sleeps very lightly." This last to herself.

Bill looked interested.

"Is Hilda a big sort of a woman in a blue nightgown?"

"Yes. Have you seen her?" The brown eyes filled with sudden alarm. "Oh! Where is she?" Is she hurt?"

"Nope." Bill chuckled. "Kitchen floor. Chloroform. I was eatin' strawberry shortcake when she come in."

THE major frowned.

"I suppose I must call my father. I hate to disturb him——"

"He's incapable, too." announced Bill with another chuckle. "Tied up with sheets and things. You see, major, we're all alone. Tell you what I'll do. There's a suitcase full of silver down on the library window sill. I'll agree to leave it there——"

"You certainly will," the major nodded. "And you'll leave the other things, too. I see them in your pockets. Since my father is tied up I suppose I must call the police myself."

She began to move sidewise toward the silver telephone on the desk, keeping the revolver pointed at Bill's breast.

Action must come now if at all, and quickly. Bill dismissed the idea of a dash for freedom; she would certainly pull the trigger, and she had a firm eye and hand. Bill summoned all his wit.

"My little girl's mama is dead, too," he blurted out suddenly.

The major, with her hand outstretched for the telephone, stopped to look at him.

"My mother isn't dead," she observed sharply. "She's gone to the country."

"You don't say so!" Bill's voice was positively explosive with enthusiastic interest. "Why didn't you go along, major, if I may ask?"

"I am too busy with the auxiliary. We are pushing the campaign for preparedness." She added politely: "You say your wife is dead?"

Bill nodded mournfully.

"Been dead three years. Got sick and wasted away and died. Broke my little girl's heart, and mine, too."

A suggestion of sympathy appeared in the major's eyes as she inquired:

"What is your little girl's name?"

"Her name?" Bill floundered in his stupidity. "Oh, her name. Why, of course her name's Hilda."

"Indeed!" The major looked interested. "The same as cook. How funny! How old is she?"

"Sixteen," said Bill rather desperately.

"Oh, she's a big girl, then! I suppose she goes to school?"

Bill nodded.

"Which one?"

It was a mean question. In Bill's mind school was simply school. He tried to think of a word that would sound like the name of one, but nothing came.

"Day, school," he said at last, and then added hastily, "that is, she moves around, you know. Going up all the time. She's a smart girl." His tone was triumphant.

Then, fearing that another question might finish him, he continued slowly:

"You might as well go on and call the cops—the police, I suppose. Of course, Hilda's at home hungry, but that don't matter to you. She'll starve to death. I didn't tell you she's sick. She's sick all the time—something wrong with her. I was just walkin' past here and thought I might find something for her to eat, and I was lookin' around——"

"You ate the strawberry shortcake yourself," put in the major keenly.

"The doctor won't let Hilda have cake," Bill retorted. "And I was hungry myself. I suppose it's no crime to be hungry——"

"You took the silver and other things."

"I know." Bill's head dropped dejectedly. "I'm a bad man, I guess. I wanted to buy nice things for Hilda. She hasn't had a doll for over ten years. She never has much to eat. If I'm arrested I suppose she'll starve to death."

THE sympathy in the major's eyes deepened. "I don't want to cause unnecessary suffering," she declared. "I feel strongly for the lower classes. And Miss Vanderhoof says that our penal system is disgraceful. I suppose little would be gained by sending you to prison."

"It's an awful place," Bill declared feelingly.

"You have been there?"

"Off and on."

"You see! It has done you no good. No, I might as well let you go. Turn your back."

Bill stared.

The major stamped her little bare foot.

"Turn your back, I say! That's right. I do wish you wouldn't make me repeat things. Walk forward near the dressing table. No, at the side. So. Now empty your pockets and turn them inside out. All of them. Put the things on the dressing table. Keep your back turned, or—as you would say in your vulgar parlance—I'll blow your block off."

Bill obeyed. He could feel the muzzle of the revolver pointed directly at the back of his head, and he obeyed. He lost no time about it, either, for the anesthetized Hilda would be coming to soon.

Methodically and thoroly the pockets were emptied and their contents deposited on the dressing-table; a gentleman's watch, two silver cigaret cases, three scarf pins, five rings, a jeweled photograph frame, and $94 in cash. The articles that were obviously Bill's own she instructed him to return to the pockets. He did so.

"There!" said the major brusquely when he had finished. "You may turn now. That's all, I think. Kindly close the front door as you go out. I'll attend to the suitcase on the window sill after you're gone. I wouldn't advise you to try any tricks on me. I've never got a man on the run, but I'd love to have a crack at one. That's all."

Bill hesitated. His eye was on the neat roll of bills reposing beside him on the dressing-table. It traveled from that to the gold wrist watch he would not take because it belonged to the sweet,

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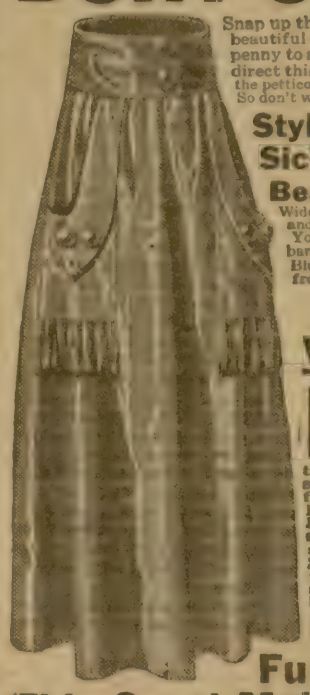

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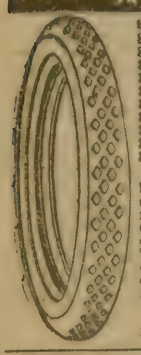

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helpless child. Would he take it now if he had a chance? Would he!

The major's voice came:

"Go, please. I'm sleepy, and you've given me a lot of trouble. I shall have to revive Hilda, if it is possible. I have doubts on the subject. She refuses to keep herself in condition. She eats too much, she will not take a cold bath; she won't train properly, she is sixty-eight pounds overweight and she sleeps with her mouth open. But she's a good cook——"

"She is that," Bill put in feelingly, with his memory on the shortcake.

"——and I trust she has not expired. There is my father, too. To put it mildly, he is a weakling. His lack of wind is deplorable. He sits down immediately after eating. It is only three miles to his law office, and he rides. He plays golf and calls it exercise. If you have gagged him scientifically he may have ceased breathing by now.

"In one way it would be nothing to grieve over, but he is my father after all, and the filial instinct impels me to his assistance against my better judgment. You do not seem to be in good condition your self. I doubt if you know how to breathe properly, and it is evident that you do not train systematically. There are books on the subject in the public library. I would advise you to get one. You may give my name as reference. Now go."

Bill went. The door of the room was opened. He started toward the back stairs, but the major halted him abruptly and made him right about; she had switched on the lights in the hall. Down the wide front staircase he tramped, and from behind came the major's voice:

"Keep your mouth closed. Head up! Arms at your side. Breathe thru your nose. Chest out forward! Hep, hep, hep—the door swung in. Leave it open. Lift your foot and come down on the heel. Turn the corner sharply. Head up!"

She stood in the doorway as he marched across the porch, down the steps, and along the gravel path to the sidewalk. A turn to the right, and thirty paces took him to the street corner. Still the major's voice sounded from the doorway:

"Hep, hep, hep—lift your feet higher—breathe thru your nose—hep, hep, hep——"

And as he turned the street corner the command came sharply:

"Halt! About face! Salute!"

A glance over his shoulder showed him her nightgown framed in the doorway. There were trees in between. Bill halted, but he did not about face and he did not salute. It was too much. Instead, after a second's hesitation, he bounded all at once into the street and across it, and was off like a shot. And as he ran he replied to her command to salute by calling back over his shoulder, as man to man.:

"Go to the devil!"

NUTTING TIME

By Latimer J. Wilson

THE sunlight slanted thru the treetops and every gust brought down a flock of autumn leaves.

"Say it now, Kara! Settle things definitely," pleaded John, holding back to a slower walk. The slender girl at his side did not reply for a moment. She drew slightly away from him when they sat on one of the empty benches in the town's little park.

"No," she said. "The truth is, John, I'm not sure things will be right all the time between us. You've been away so long maybe we'd find we didn't understand each other at all. Wait——"

"No!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I don't want to wait another day. I've waited six months. You promised you'd let me know when I got discharged from service. Now I'm back in father's store at a fair salary. We can have a home of our own. You love me, Kara, there's no denying it, so why not settle things right away?" He drew her very close. She lowered her dark lashes and seemed deep in thought.

But her thoughts were miles away—several hundred miles. "What about Owen," she was thinking. "Would he care very much if he came back and found me John's wife?" She said. "We can wait a while, John. I want to be sure things will be all right," and that is the best decision the umpire of his heart game would give.

He left her at the door of her home.

"What do you think has happened?" were the words of her mother. "Owen's father died suddenly this afternoon. You ought to go over to be with Edna, she'll appreciate it. They've telegraphed for Owen."

Kara's heart gave a leap. How glad she was that she had not given John a final answer! The evening train of the next day brought Owen. Kara met him and quickly went to his shoulder with her tears. In the days following the funeral she was much in his company.

As circumstances or misfortune would have it, John had been sent on a trip into the country and had not returned to witness with his own eyes the direction the winds of romance were blowing. But he read in the papers about Owen's return and the green goggles of jealousy disclosed the storm that threatened his smooth sailing.

Meanwhile Kara and Owen were burning gasoline. The touch of sympathy had given way to a more clear-eyed critical survey of her feelings. There was something in his manner which reminded her of what his sister, Edna, once had said. "Owen needs a wife to keep him straight."

The crimson sunset was reflected in the little lake to which they had motored. They were sitting on a log looking moodily into the limpid water.

"But, Kara, haven't you said you care for me?" broke out Owen impetuously. "Then what's to keep us from getting married right away? I've a dandy income as superintendent of father's branch office. I want you; all I'm waiting for is your answer."

"I don't know," answered Kara wistfully. She was thinking of John, and the thought of him was like a breath of fresh air. She could not marry Owen as long as she felt that way about John. It would be little short of bigamy.

Arguments were of no avail. Owen's arms were more eloquent than words, but Kara kept him at a safe distance.

What an embarrassment and shock to find John waiting on the front step of Kara's house! Handshakes camouflaged feelings for the moment, then a gloomy silence ensued as they all sat on the top step. The monotony was broken by the fall of a chestnut burr. It lit almost upon Kara's foot.

"Oh! How I'd like to go nutting!" she exclaimed, glad of an opportunity to break the silence pleasantly.

"A go!" exclaimed Owen precisely as John cried, "With me?" Another dreadful spell of silence followed. With whom should she go?

"Good!" she said. "We'll all go. Won't it be fine to ask Edna and get up a crowd to go out to the chestnut grove next Saturday. How will that do?" They did not like the idea, but both agreed that it would be fine, and thus the incident was closed.

The next day was Thursday and at about noon Kara answered a telephone call from Owen. He wanted a private nutting party all his own for the following afternoon. Thus he would steal a march on his rival. Would she go? She decided quickly that she would.

In about an hour the telephone called her to talk to John. He had decided that today was a good one for nutting. Besides, he knew where the finest walnuts that ever grew could be found, but it would not be wise to wait until Saturday, for some one might discover them. Would she go? Of course she would.

That afternoon John came for her in the store "blimp," the delivery auto. They bumped along a lane to where fresh auto tracks led across a field to a woods. Scattered over the ground were many large walnuts.

"It's strange," she said. "Think of getting walnuts right here at home, almost, and father didn't know there were any for miles around. He thought all the trees in this vicinity had been cut down.

She went around picking up handfuls of the fine dark nuts, putting them in her basket. "But isn't it strange," she continued, "not one of these nuts is in a hull? And there are no hulls on the ground." Then she looked up at the trees. "Why, this is too funny for anything! These are not walnut trees, they're elms. How do you suppose these walnuts ever got here?"

"I'll never tell," he said.

The girl sat down and laughed. "Don't you think I understand? You wanted our private party to be a success and preferred planted walnuts to chestnuts." Then she laughed again. But he assured her he had not put them there.

Owen called for her the next afternoon in his new roadster. To the girl's surprise he piloted the machine to the exact spot where John and she had gathered walnuts the day before. Owen stared hard at the ground.

"Well! What do you know about that!" he exclaimed. "I was here yesterday morning and there were scores of walnuts on the ground."

She looked up demurely and said: "Why, do you expect to find walnuts under elm trees?"

"If I put them there myself the day before," he said blandly.

"You—you did it, then," she stammered. She blushed warmly. Then she drew the glove from her hand and he saw a new ring glittering in the sunlight. The truth came slowly that he had lost the game.

"We can still be friends, can't we, Owen?" she asked, taking his hand. "I didn't know you had put them there, but all's fair in—in nutting, you know. You'll forgive us now, won't you?"

"I guess I'm the biggest nut of all," he said bravely, "not to have seen that it was John all along."

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She turned up, looking smarter than ever, and after dinner they did a theater. A brother officer sat in a box, and the young airman waved to him, but got a rather quizzical response.

"What ails Topper?" he thought, and at the end of the act his question was answered.

"Hello, there!" Topper said, coming up to him in the lobby. "I don't mind your taking out my wife's maid, old man, but I wish to goodness you'd ask her to wear her own frocks."

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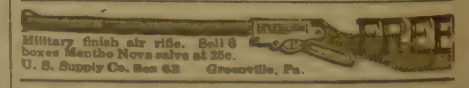

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The Mad Hatter

(Continued From Page 4)

"Yes, it opens in four weeks."

"Well, I never heard of such a thing Who put up the money?"

"All my own, just one half of all I have."

"Billy, how could you? What'll you do if you lose it? Why, you can't live on the whole of it as it now is."

"Orris, I've thought it all out. This thing has been on my brain for months. We won't marry until I make money. I'm going to make it—see if I don't and you're going to help me."

"I help you? I wish I could. But how? As to not marrying you until you make money, Billy, that's not fair. It was you who always said that, not I. But how can I help you?"

"You know how to trim hats."

"I thought I did until you showed me I didn't."

"Not at all, dearie, you know lots but you must come up to a real motif."

"What's that? I don't understand."

"Make the latest styles suit women, who don't change. Make hats to suit faces and heads and don't try to fit them to hats."

"It's pretty deep, Billy. What in the world will you do if you lose your money?"

"Orris, will you help me keep the money and make more?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Orris, you offered to marry me, to risk it on five thousand a year."

"Yes, and I will, even now that you've spent half of it."

By this time they were at Orris' home.

"Orris, you're great! Give me a kiss."

THEIR lips met, and his arms went around her in a tender caress.

"Orris, you're the greatest girl in the world but I don't want you to marry me—that is," noticing the fright in her eyes, "not till my venture proves a success."

"Billy, explain what do you want? How can I help you?"

"Go to New York with me, act as the Establishment Miss O'Donoghue. I'm only the Manager."

"Why, Billy, it's simply preposterous, you must be out of your mind. If you talk that way, I'll cry."

"No, mustn't cry," and he patted her adorably round shoulders. "Wait 'till I explain. You've been coaxing your dad and mother for months to let you go to Aunt Roberts', for the New York life. Now, haven't you?"

"Yes, but they won't let me. Aunt Roberts and Uncle Tom are too gay—Dad says fast. Billy, I'd love to go, but you can't work that, no use trying."

"Suppose I tell you, you must go. I want you to go. It's vital to me that you go."

"Billy, now I must cry."

"No, you won't, don't you dare to cry! Listen to what I have to say. Orris, you've got to go to New York with me if you have to run away."

"Billy!"

"Yes, now don't lose your head. Uncle Billy let it out that your dad made a lot of money lately. Now, get him first, he's in great shape. Your mother won't count after that."

"I'll try, but what about Aunt Roberts and Uncle? Won't they think it strange I come now?"

"No, I've fixed all that. They're the only people of our sort in New York that know a thing about what I'm up to and they're both crazy over it. They're in for anything now. Both good old sports!"

"Well, I'll try, Billy."

"Orris, 'try' has nothing to do with it—you've got to go along."

"Billy, you frighten me." Then she did cry, and he took her in his arms quite as you'd pacify a very little girl and she stopped sobbing and kept very close to him for a long time.

WHEN the manager of the Establishment Miss O'Donoghue stood in the center of the reception room early on a beautiful April morning, two exceedingly pretty girls, gowned quite as tho they had stepped out of the series of Watteau panels that decorated the room, and two boys who might have followed them out of the same panels, stood perfectly still, looking at him.

Mr. Billy Mattis, now simply the Manager of the Establishment Miss O'Donoghue, did not take the slightest notice of them. He gazed around the room and then outside and critically examined the front and window, a splendid cabinet with a single hat in the center on a stand and a gold card under it, whose raised lettering simply stated the name of the business——

THE ESTABLISHMENT MISS O'DONOGHUE.

When he returned, he said, "Girls, be seated on the sofa, and boys, one at the door to open it and the other to offer chairs. Stand there," indicating a place by a small gold cabinet.

"Now, when any one comes in, both girls up. Don't bow or nod your heads, courtesy—understand? Now, try it. Right—that's it. Don't forget. Simply say: 'We will call the Manager.' That is the answer to every question. Boys, never say anything, point to the girls and none of you move about, remain where you are. That's all."

He disappeared thru a glass door that led into a corridor which surrounded a vista of pearl carpet and pins and white tinted walls.

"Billy, I'm frightened to death. Every time I look up the eyes of those girls seem to grow bigger and bigger. It's like a scene on the stage when the whole company has stage fright."

"Nonsense; they can't get over how pretty you are. Ye gods! Orris, but you're lovely; never saw anything like it. I don't wonder they look."

"I don't know, Billy, but it's all very strange, and what a lot of money you must have spent."

"Never mind that. What do you think of the girls? Aren't they pretty? Don't they match the decorations?"

"Yes, but can they work? Nothing around here seems like work."

"Every one an artist in her line—covering, binding, trimming, sewing—and not one knows a blessed thing about color or combinations. I had to look out for that or they'd spoil every hat I created. Not a lazy girl in the lot! I am paying more than any house in the country—but I demand a lot."

"Yes, I know that, but don't you keep them scared or I don't know what will happen. I'll do the best I can, but you know, Billy, I don't know anything."

"Well, as I told you, don't let them find it out. When I tell you what I want, just look as tho you understood and nod your dear little head. You know more than you think. Did any one ever see such a charming hat as the one in the window? Well, we'll even do better than that when we get going. Don't hurry them. They'll love you in a week."

THE young women in the workroom of the establishment were a surprised group of very pretty girls and were quite up to the decorations of the room which were all after the motifs of the wonderful Jean Antoine. They were surprised at the beauty of their surroundings and the loveliness of the lady known to them as Miss O'Donoghue. No woman for whom any of them had ever worked had been like this one. They soon discovered that she knew nothing of the business and simply followed the directions of her manager, who more completely puzzled them.

He did know millinery, not the slightest matter seemed to escape him. Every hat was scrutinized to the very last detail; he missed nothing. The lady gave the manager no orders; everything came from him. There seemed to be an abundance of work and their pay was more than the average, but the strangeness of finding themselves dressed in charming gowns, which were all copies of those worn by the young ladies in the panels decorating the walls of the room—no two exactly alike, but all following the same ideas. Surely the group seated around their charming employer was all the way picturesque and rarely beautiful.

The Manager had selected none but pretty girls and the artistic gowning had completed the work. There was no trifling or idleness and in some way the face of Miss O'Donoghue had a sadness about it that seemed to bespeak care and worry. She followed the suggestions of the Manager, the orders from him always came that way, and while always gentle and kind with the girls, never conversed with them or in any way was the least familiar. The room was a busy one and the hats were beautiful. Soon each young woman became interested and the scare of surprise wore off. So the work went on. They could not see how things progressed in the show-room and Miss O'Donoghue never visited it.

The Manager was always the same, never other than cool, quiet and perfectly at ease, always deferential to the supposed head of the business. As the hats were made some of them were sent to the show-room to be placed in cases and others were stored away in boxes. No two of them were alike. They were all made from the drawings in color which the Manager handed early in the morning to Miss O'Donoghue.

Not a single hat had been sold since the establishment had opened. The only visitors were a lady and gentleman, who came in a splendid car and were received by the Manager, who took them thru the place. They seemed quite as astonished at the beauty of everything and the singularity of decorating a workroom as the employes had been. The lady and gentleman both kissed Miss O'Donoghue and were extremely cordial to the Manager, who, while he showed them many of the hats, did not make any sale. One of the Watteau girls confided to another: "They are very swell people—the Roberts." Of course they were Orris' aunt and uncle.

Then the girls addressed some thousand simple, heavily engraved cards, inviting those receiving them to "A private view of hat creations at the Establishment Miss O'Donoghue, from 3 until 5."

WOMEN came, even men. The place seemed to surprise them as it had the others. They strolled thru the rooms, gazed at the hats, all of which were under glass and none priced. If any one asked the price from the young women they pointed to the Manager and he politely stated nothing was yet on sale.

The door of the reception room was opened and the guests were allowed to promenade a corridor, one side of which could be seen, thru the French glass doors, the beautiful work rooms and the lovely proprietor surrounded by a bevy of girls all very busy working.

The assemblage differed from the usual crowd at "Private Views" in that they seemed to be in a strange place and tho many of them were acquainted, all seemed to be quite subdued as they would have been in church. Most of them looked the Manager over as tho he were part of the show, and he was.

The opinion expressed by every one was that the hats were splendid and in quite exquisite taste as the decorations of the rooms. No one contradicted a gay old lady, of seeming importance, when she stated in a loud voice to an apparently deaf friend:

"The Manager is the best dressed man I have ever seen and he looks a gentleman!"

This he heard, but no trace that he had could be discovered in his face. Billy Mattis' friends had often said he was a good actor and he was a gentleman. The shape of his head was pure colonial—a shape that is now disappearing for a lower type.

When the crowd had gone he went back to Miss O'Donoghue, whom he found very nervous. She looked up at him and to the inquiry in her eyes, he said, "Everything's all right—the salt's on their tails."

She ran and followed him into the private office.

"Yes, Orris, we've got them. They'll

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31x4	8.00	2.25
32x4	8.75	2.20
33x4	8.25	2.30
34x4	8.75	2.60
33x4½	10.50	2.85
34x4½	10.50	3.00
35x4½	11.50	3.15
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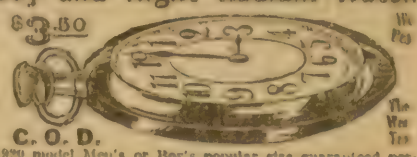

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Get this book, sure, even if you don't order shirts. See the money-saving bargains in women's, men's and children's apparel. Post card brings it. Send for your copy and pick from a thousand bargains.

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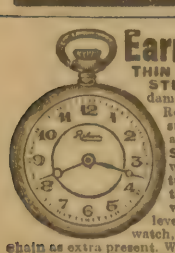

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KATHOS CO., 424 Park Row Bldg., N.Y. City

be back tomorrow, see if they dont."

"Oh, I hope so, Billy. Do you know we've over a hundred hats made and not one sold?"

"Now, Orris, you're not to think of that. All you've got to do is to look beautiful, see that the girls look pretty, keep them all in good humor and make hats like the drawings. You're not even to think that the hats are ever to be sold. Don't forget that. The scheme is mine, let me work it out."

"Well, you needn't be cross about it," and the tears seemed to be coming.

"Orris, I'm never cross, but it won't do to worry until the time comes," and he kissed her and she went back to the workroom.

Billy Mattis, as Manager of the Establishment Miss O'Donoghue, never idled. When alone he spent all of his time drawing and coloring the pictures. On taking his place at his work table he at once started drawing or coloring. He seemed very quick and the head of a woman soon came out on the paper.

"That's she, the forehead, the nose, the chin—what a jolly nose! Heavens! what an awful hat she had. Now, here goes: Blue, no blue won't do, my own favorite—but won't do. Gray, yes, more gray; red—that's it! two colors, gray and red—nothing more—only the two," and he drew the hat on the head.

"That's it, glorious! Heavens! I must be a genius. Mrs. Pennington Price—that's your hat. I wonder if she will come back? Bet she does; she knew, I knew, the one she had on was a guy. My good woman, you're coming back; you're going to pay $500 of your old fool husband's money. You're a pretty woman and you're worth it."

Then he touched a button and one of the Watteau boys came in.

"Take this to the Madame and say, if possible, to have it finished by tomorrow," giving the picture to him.

BY CLOSING time he had completed three more. Each picture had a number and opposite these numbers entered in a little book he wrote a woman's name.

"Wish I could remember more; I shall tomorrow—their faces come back to me. We've been here a month; I've $4,000 in the bank."

The Manager always took Miss O'Donoghue home at the end of the day. Her aunt, Mrs. Roberts, had wished to take her out and have people meet her, and the jolly "Unkie" was possibly more disappointed than his wife when Orris begged off from all these suggestions. She claimed she was too tired from her efforts to make Billy's venture a success. This was only partly true. She really feared to meet people; she did not wish them to know that she and the lady of Establishment Miss O'Donoghue were the same.

Billy would not go out at all. He did not even come to see her more than two evenings of the seven, and then it was hats, nothing but hats, colors, contrasts, faces, things connected with the business, from the coming until the going home.

"Unkie" said at first it was great, the greatest thing he had ever met, and he and Mrs. Roberts told lies about Orris' art studies and the New York season to her parents when they were over for a visit. Then Unkie told his wife that they were both crazy, ending up with the conclusion that "Billy would lose every d——n cent he had put into the place." None of this did he say to Billy, who, as Manager, quite frightened Unkie when he called. To the girl he also said nothing, as he found his nerves were suffering and thought Billy would expect the smash and not let it go long enough to injure her.

So time ran along and the first customer who really meant business came in just as the Manager had said—Mrs. Pennington Price. She was a beautiful woman, tho the hat she wore in no way suited either her face or figure.

"Could I see Miss O'Donoghue, please?" One of the pages referred her to a Watteau girl, who disappeared for a moment and returned with the Manager.

"Could I see Miss O'Donoghue, please? I want to see about a hat."

"When will it suit you to call? Miss O'Donoghue never sees any one except by appointment. The terms are $25 for fifteen minutes."

"What! I don't understand. I want to order a hat. You don't mean you charge to show the hats, do you?"

"Miss O'Donoghue never shows anything; she only advises as to the shape and color scheme. Her time is very valuable and the charge—a mere trifle."

"Gracious! I never heard of such a thing."

"No, I'm sorry. These are the rules of the Establishment. Won't you let me show you something? I think we have exactly the hat you want."

"Why, yes, of course. What do you charge?" and she laughed a merry little laugh.

"Oh, there's no charge; I'm only the Manager and designer. Won't you sit down just a moment. I've a hat I want to show you," and one of the girls placed a chair for her.

The Manager disappeared, returning with a hat which he handed her.

"That is the hat you should buy."

"Oh, yes, it's very pretty! May I try it on?"

"Certainly, that's what I want. Adele, attend to the lady," then he rushed away to the private office, returning as Adele was showing the lady to the mirror.

"Why, it's beautiful. Oh, I like it ever so much!"

"Allow me, madame," stepping back of her. "Yes, it's exactly correct. Over here, please," pointing to a mirror. "Look, see the back? Right, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's lovely. What's the price?"

"Five hundred dollars."

William Bixbon Mattis was either a genius or a fool—any man would be who could demand $500 for a hat without so much as blinking. But perhaps he was an artist? Certainly these were very superior hats, such as nobody in New York had seen. Read in the next Ledger how the Establishment Miss Donoghue turns out.

Resurrection Mornin'

(Continued From Page 6)

you is, honey," and once again she assaulted him.

Adolphus suppressed a grimace and attacked again, but was unable to induce the canny Olympia to change her decision, and, sensing this, saw that his plans must be amended, and gracefully yielded. He would wait, but he made it plain that it was with a very poor grace, and finally left, leaving the doting Olympia convinced that she had secured a very prince of lovers.

The days fled by, as days have a habit of doing, but fled none too quickly for the impatient Adolphus, who was anxious to become possessed and seized of a proprietary interest in those checks; none too quickly, for the dreaming Olympia, whose days and nights were spent in a frenzy of preparation for the approaching nuptials, which that lady meant to see acclaimed as the town's greatest social event.

Arrived the morning of the eventful day, such an Easter morn as only the South can know, and Adolphus was early abroad; dispatching a magnificent bridal bouquet to the residence of his intended, and variously gathering up the loose ends of his soon-to-be-consummated intrigue. Over the activities of the fluttered Olympia we will draw a decorous veil. Far be it from us to intrude a purely masculine presence upon the mysteries of the maiden toilet, especially on such occasion as this.

The nuptials had been set for the fashionable hour of high noon, and the elite of the colored population invited to grace the occasion with their presence. It was just 11.45 by the courthouse clock when Adolphus, flanked by an imposing array of ushers, best man, etc., arrived in a decrepit taxi, turned for the occasion into a semblance of triumphant chariot, and alighting amid the cheers—some ironical, some real—of the beholders, disappeared with his train within the doors of the sacred edifice, to stalk down the narrow aisle with such air as, we think, Marius, in the heyday of his career, was wont to enter the Senate.

The Rev. Alpheus Brindle—who quite belied his name, for he was as black as the interior of a section of stovepipe—was already present, and came bustling forward to greet the chief figurant in the approaching ceremony. After successfully terminating a polysyllabic skirmish, Adolphus devoted his energies for a few minutes to upsetting the arrangements already made by the master of ceremonies, and substituting some ideas of his own. He was busily instructing the ushers, when a sudden bustle without, and a rapid craning of necks within, announced the impending arrival of the bride.

Leaning heavily—much too heavily, thought the indignant personage, who sought vainly to straighten up his burden—on the arm of her father, the bashful maiden entered, and bore down upon the waiting minister, while Sister Marie Antoinette Jessup at the organ made a terrific and entirely unprovoked attack upon Mendelssohn's greatest work, and a murmur of excited comment swept the crowded edifice.

THE Reverend Brindle stood waiting their approach with a broad smile that was intended to be benevolent, but cannily masked a pleasing estimate of the probable fee that would be his guerdon, as Adolphus, escorted by his perspiring best man, stepped gracefully forward to meet his chosen one. He bowed over the hand she extended him with such an air of devotion as to cause an approving murmur to traverse the audience, who felt that they were witnessing the making of local history.

The happy pair stepped beneath the floral bell which hung above the chancel rail, flanked on either side by a bower of lilies, appropriate to the day, and faced the minister, who began a solemn recitation of the words that would soon unite them in bonds supposedly indissoluble for the term of their natural lives, but scarce a dozen words had passed his lips when interruption came.

The clamor of an arriving taxi was heard without, then a fierce altercation rose at the door, and thru a hastily interposed barrage of ushers burst a stout, disheveled female, of darkest hue, and Amazonian features, her face convulsed with rage, who rushed down the aisle, trailing discomfited ushers behind her, and hurling the bridal couple apart, delivered a resounding buffet upon the ear of the quaking Adolphus, who stood, all his aplomb fled away, his face the color of young corn, and his knees visibly knocking together.

"I'll teach yo', yo' yaller lim' o' Satan!" the intruder shrieked, making another and fiercer swing at the cringing Adolphus, which that gentleman mechanically ducked, thereby delivering the astonished minister into the hands of the Philistines, for the virago's fist connected squarely with the reverend gentleman's right eye, causing that organ to instantly close up for repairs.

"Yo' will run away from yo're lawfully wedded wife, an' marry a good-for-nothing hussy, will yo', yo' puffickly wuthless nigger, yo'!" she shrieked, obtaining a strangle-hold on the recreant husband's collar, and violently jerking him back and forth, "Ah'll show yo'. Yo' is comin' straight back t' Chawston with me on de very nex' train, an' yo' is goin' straight back to yo' ol' job o' whitewashin', an' yo' is shugh gwine t' stick. Yo' lazy, do-nuffin nigger, yo'!" emphasizing each point as she made it, by the application of a vigorous palm to the shrinking ears of the discomfited Adolphus.

The stricken bride-to-be had sunk half-fainting into the nearest seat, where she sat rocking to and fro in an agony of rage and shame, while ready sympathizers flocked about her, darting dagger glances at the betrayer. The church was in an uproar, men and women climbing upon benches that they might lose no portion of the exciting drama being enacted before the altar-rail.

Adolphus' injured help-mate had now transferred her hold to an ear, and thus led, the recreant husband, and abortive bridegroom was walking "Spanish" down the aisle on his way to a life of promised servitude under the wing of the avenger.

The feminine portion of the audience were crowding forward to variously administer consolation, or secretly gloat over the sobbing victim of male perfidy; while the masculine element gathered in knots and groups to commiserate and chuckle over the downfall of the hated Adolphus, when once more Fate interposed a disturbing finger.

A TALL, presentable-looking negro in the khaki of a returned soldier of the A. E. F. was passing, and hearing the commotion within, was moved to inquire the reason. Being informed by an excited looker-on this person had instantly burst into a startling activity.

With no word of explanation to his astonished informant, he began fighting his way thru the excited throng, boring steadily forward with his eyes fixed on the clamorous group about the altar. Suddenly a lane opened before him and down it came, the hang-dog villain of the play, under the escort of the avenging wife. A flash of intuition told him the identity of this person who was being led like a lamb to the slaughter, and stepping forward, still without a word, he doubled a huge fist, and loosed a swift one straight from the shoulder, which caught the unseeing Adolphus on the jaw and he fell as the ox falls beneath the slaughterer's mallet.

Paying no slightest heed to the shrieked vituperation which greeted this act, from the wife who resented this encroach-

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However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger.

ment upon her preserves, the "dough-boy" plowed ahead, leaving uproar behind him, and breaking thru the final wall of "Job's comforters," took the huddled figure which they were so officiously shielding into his arms.

A startled outcry rose, but was a mere whisper to the shriek which Olympia emitted when she looked up into the face which bent above her. She shrieked again, "Jim!" and fainted once more, this time in deadly earnest, while the soldier yelled for water, and essayed frantically to fan her with the Reverend's silk hat grabbed from its nearby repository.

THE minister, tho possessed of but one undamaged optic, had yet kept a clearer head than most amid the growing excitement, and he cried, leaning over toward the soldier:

"Ain't yo' Jim Jackson?"

"Dat sho' am my name, Reverend, an' Ah jus' wish yo'd tell me de meanin' ob dis yere."

"Why—why, brudder Jackson, we-uns done heerd dat yo' had bin killed daid."

"Daid!" snorted Private Jackson, "who done tol' dat fool story? Ah ain't no mo' daid than yo' is. Mebby not so much," he added, with an appreciative glance at the parson's optic, which was showing signs of mortification.

"But de Gubbermint done wrote Mis' Cahtah, an' said so," persisted Parson Brindle whose poise was deserting him under the strain of rapidly crowding events.

"Gubbermint done lied," stated Private Jackson, shortly, "an' anybuddy who tries t' meddle wid my gal is gwine t' fin' hit out mighty sudden, yo' heahs me, reveren'."

Yes, the Reverend Brindle heard, and hastily disclaiming any present or future intention of interfering with the course of true love, withdrew himself to a safer locality, turning his attention to the maiden, under the ministrations of those members of her sex to whom her captor had relinquished her.

Hearing this good news, Mr. Jackson again pushed forward, and breaking thru the guarding ring, obtruded his living personality upon the gaze of the fair one who had thought of him as lying, forever lost to her, in fields of France. The squeeze and smacking salute that he at once gave her was proof positive of his being very much alive.

"Oh, Jim," she cried, "an' I wuz fool enough t' think yo' daid, an' take up with that—that——" Words failed her, but the glare in her eye was sufficient to advertise the present state of her feeling for the vanished gallant, and it was just as well that the dapper Adolphus was at the moment speeding stationward under safe convoy.

Private Jackson waved a dismissing hand, which generously obliterated all memory of the past.

"Didn't Ah done tol' yo' in mah las' letter, dat no Gumman bullet was gwine git me?" he demanded. "Yo' see Ah jes' nacherally 'spected dat dey has mah name, an' Ah made up mah min' t' fool 'em, so Ah jus' traded dat little 'denty-fickashion disk white fo'ks gib me wid annuddah niggah who wuz jus' nacherally no good whatebbah, an' when dat bullet comes along huntin' me, why, hit done got him, instead. An' hah Ah is," he ended proudly, "an' say, Reveren', we-uns will jus' go on wid dese heah obsekwies, ef yo' has no objections?"

The "Reveren" had none.

INTERLUDE

When we have finished with this life,
With all its passions, moods and strife,
And Old World and his silly wife
Creep underneath the clover;
Upon those fields of asphodel
That form the lawn of ancient hell
A short one thousand years we'll dwell
And talk our old lives over.

Then, all our strivings proven vain
And but provocative of pain,
We will apologize, explain,
By understanding driven.
And folly, sin and sad mistake,
Such as all mortals do and make,
We will forgive for mankind's sake,
And ask to be forgiven.

Judging Them

"YOU can't judge a man by his clothes or any other way any more," began the cafeteria cashier to the young man who liked to linger after he had paid his check. "Take a slant at that nifty-looking duke at the end table, then pass your eye across the aisle to the lad with the banquet spread out in front of him. One is worth a million and the other is working for him for so much per. The boy with the bank roll is satisfying his appetite with a plate of beans and Boston brown on the side, and his merry little bookkeeper is setting himself back one fifty for his luncheon.

"According to all the rules, it should be the other way round. The man with the coin should be practically buying out the place, while the other one looked at the little figure on the meal ticket to find something to suit his purse. That goes to show you you never can tell.

"Don't let him see you looking, but take a pike down the center aisle and glim the stout individual with the horn-swoggle glasses. What does he look like? I'll tell you. He looks like the bank presidents they show us in the filyums. Fat and prosperous and dressed like the cover on a style book. But is he what he looks? He is not. Outside the scenery he's bankrupt. And I have it in for him. When I was so young and foolish that I judged men by their flash he told me he owned forty-seven oil wells in Texas. To prove that he owned 'em he showed me a pamphlet with a picture of a derrick on it and oil spouting out at the top like a fountain. From then on I went around telling my friends that I had a gentleman friend who was a Texas oil magnate.

"It took me two weeks to find out that the gentleman not only didn't own a well, but didn't know in what direction Texas was from here. The pamphlet gave him the idea he sprung on me and I in my innocence believed.

"Now, I'm what they call hard boiled. I can't be fooled on appearances any more. Diamonds mean nothing to me; they're glass until proved otherwise. A fancy vest makes no impression on my eye. A fur-lined overcoat doesn't raise anybody's stock with me. I'm getting to be a judge of human nature."

"Would you think," spoke up the young man who liked to linger, "that I made ten thousand a year?"

"Quit your kiddin', son. If you was makin' ten thousand a year you wouldn't be polishing your elbows on this showcase half an hour or so every noon. You'd have work to do and be doin' it."

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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

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This is the biggest shoe bargain you ever heard of. So sure are we that we will send these wonderful shoes without a single cent in advance. Just send coupon stating style, size and width. Your shoes will be sent by return prepaid mail. Pay postman on arrival. Try them on. Examine them. Compare with higher priced models. Then decide if you wish to keep them at our bargain price. You take no risk. If this isn't the most remarkable offer ever made, return shoes at our expense.

Mens Durable Work Shoe

Customers write that these shoes wear from 12 to 20 months. Think of it! Only $4.25 a year for shoes. Made in dark brown only, on the U. S. Army Munson last, adopted by Government because it is so comfortable. Made of solid leather, specially treated to stand hard wear. Blucher style. Dustproof bellows tongue. Reinforced shank. Nu Krome elkskin uppers (not split leather). Will dry soft after being wet. Specially tanned, making them acid and moisture proof. Solid leather broad heels. Krome Elk Leather Soles, special tannage makes them twice as durable. (Will outwear two oak leather soles.) Widths—Medium, Wide and Extra Wide. Sizes—6 to 12. Pay postman $4.25 on arrival, (regularly sold at $6.75 a pair, so hurry your order. If not satisfied on arrival return shoes, and money, including return postage, will be refunded at once. You take no risk. Sizes 13 and 14. Pay $5.45 on arrival.

Mens Extra Quality Dress Shoe

No. 393

While stock lasts we will ship this wonderfully stylish model at our bargain price. Made of genuine leather, black gunmetal blucher style, on our newest Fifth Avenue last. Combines comfort, style, quality. Sure to give excellent wear. Has genuine solid oak leather sewed soles and is reinforced throughout. Sizes, 5 to 11. Widths—Medium, Wide, Extra Wide. Pay postman $4.65 on arrival. They are worth $7.00 a pair. Rush coupon today or you may be too late; the supply at this price is limited. Pay postman on arrival. If not satisfied on arrival send shoes back, and money, including return postage will be refunded at once.

We Pay Postage $4.25

Womens, Growing Girls Misses & Childrens High Cut Money Saver

No. 207

We Pay Postage $4.65

We have 500 pairs of these wonderful shoes on sale

Built for women and growing girls on medium round toe last, which is stylish and comfortable. Made in high cut black and dark mahogany brown (mention color desired when ordering) 8½ inches high. Best grade leather uppers. Have leather counters, solid leather sewed soles, insoles, heels; as smooth as silk inside. Sewed with best grade waxed thread throughout. Made on medium round toe last, low broad heels, extra back strap to prevent ripping, extra full wide tongue of genuine leather. Women's and growing girls' sizes 2½ to 8. Pay $4.95 on arrival. Misses' sizes 11½ to 2. Pay $4.35 on arrival. Children's sizes 6 to 11. Pay $3.95 on arrival. For Misses and children we have built this shoe on our full wide toe last, which allows plenty of room for the five toes. Widths—Medium, Wide and Extra Wide. Cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than six dollars. Will outwear three ordinary pairs of shoes. Rush coupon. If you do not think this is the biggest bargain you ever received, return shoes, and money will be refunded including all charges immediately.

Send Coupon

Sign and send coupon at once. Don't send a cent with it. In a few days you will receive shoes. If not entirely pleased, don't keep them. We guarantee a saving of $2 a pair or your money back, every cent of it, including return postage. Send now before coupon gets away from you and you miss this wonderful bargain.

Not a cent in advance

Remember, don't send money in advance. We take all the risk. Send coupon at once and enjoy real foot comfort at our bargain price

Women's and growing Girls' No. 5029 $4.95
Misses' No. 4029 $4.35
Children's No. 3029 $3.95
We Pay Postage

FIFTH AVENUE BARGAIN HOUSE Dept. 644 NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send shoes marked "X" in square below, postpaid, at once. I will pay postman for shoes on arrival. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return shoes and you will refund my money, including return postage immediately.

☐	No. 393 Work shoe	Sizes 6 to 12	Size....Width....	$4.25
☐	No. 393 Work shoe	Sizes 13 and 14	Size....Width....	$5.45
☐	No. 207 Dress shoe		Size....Width....	$4.65
☐	No. 5029 Money saver	Sizes 2½ to 8	Size....Width....	$4.95
☐	No. 4029 Money saver	Sizes 11½ to 2	Size....Width....	$4.35
☐	No. 3029 Children's "	Sizes 6 to 11	Size....Width....	$3.95

NOTE: When ordering Money Saver, mention color on this line .....

Name .....

Address .....

80 Pounds 188 Pounds Latest Photo

TUBERCULOSIS

It was when physicians said it was impossible for J. M. Miller, Ohio Druggist, to survive the ravages of Tuberculosis, he began experimenting on himself, and discovered the Home Treatment, known as ADDILINE. Anyone with coughs or influenza showing tubercular tendency or Tuberculosis, may use it under plain directions. Send your name and address to

ADDILINE - 193 Arcade Building, - Columbus, Ohio

$1,000,000.00 Corporation-Gives Autos FREE

One of the largest business organizations in the United States is giving away brand new 1920 model touring cars absolutely free to persons who act quick. They are going to give away another soon and you can be the proud and happy owner of it.

Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning these autos, etc. They win because they are prompt. As soon as they see the ad and puzzle they solve it.

We are well known in every town, village and hamlet in the U. S. and cannot afford to make this offer to you unless we meant every word we say.

Free Surprise Present for Solving Puzzle

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Show you are alert and find at least four of the faces. Mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us and enclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., for a beautiful free surprise present which we will send you for solving the puzzle. You will delight in owning this present.

Auto Given FREE

We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are giving away free.

Every dollar of our one million dollar capital is behind this promise.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS, you can also win, in addition to the auto, splendid prizes such as cameras, watches, bicycles, jewelry and things you like, without contest. We will also send you a copy of two national publications.

You Can't Lose

Remember, every dollar of our one million dollar capital is behind what we say. Write your name and address plainly and enclose four cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., of the free surprise present.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. 13, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

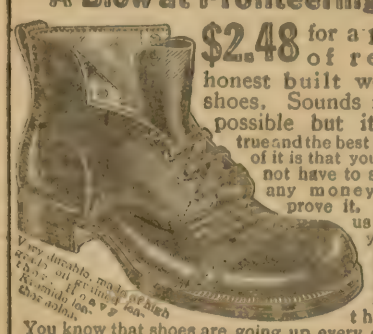
$2.48

Work Shoes

Send No Money

And Dress Shoes at $4.69

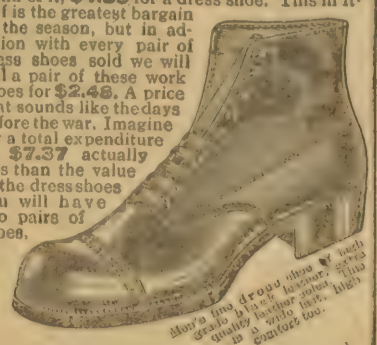
A Blow at Profiteering



$2.48 for a pair of real honest built work shoes. Sounds impossible but it is true and the best part of it is that you do not have to send any money to prove it. Let us tell you how we can do this.

You know that shoes are going up every day, also you know that when you buy thousands of pairs of shoes at one time the prices are considerably lower.

The dress shoe we are offering at $4.89, just think of it, $4.89 for a dress shoe. This in itself is the greatest bargain of the season, but in addition with every pair of dress shoes sold we will sell a pair of these work shoes for $2.48. A price that sounds like the days before the war. Imagine for a total expenditure of $7.37 actually less than the value of the dress shoes you will have two pairs of shoes.



Send No Money, Just Send Your Order

and pay your postman $7.37 and postage when the package arrives. You take no risk as the shoes will be sent to you under our iron clad guarantee of money back including postage if you are not fully satisfied.

We Positively Cannot Sell Either Pair of Shoes Separately

When ordering be sure to mention the size required on each pair of shoes.

WOLPER'S, CHICAGO

Dept. 39, 1201-1209 West Van Buren St.

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A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

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About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

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My Best Electric Belt

Soothing — Invigorating. For Nerves, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Lame Back, Poor Circulation, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bladder Weakness, PAIN any where. A OWENS, P. O. Box 861, Indianapolis, Ind.

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We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you all at one time, on Friday. Only one report for you to make out each week. We show you how to make money by building up a regular route of customers that you deliver the papers to each week. You make a cash profit on every paper you sell so that in addition to the valuable premiums we also give you, you will make

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You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers. Fill out the blank below and get started right away, today. We tell you how to get the customers.

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13

Name .....

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Town ..... State .....

Crooked Trails and Straight

(Continued From Page 11)

rassed face looked ugly enough for anything.

"Can't figure it out that way."

"You've got to sign it. By God, you've no option."

"No?" Still with pleasant incredulity. "Think I'm going to let you get away from here now? You'll sign and you'll promise to tell nothing you know against us."

"No, I don't reckon I will."

Cullison was looking straight at him with his fearless level gaze. Fendrick realized with a sinking heart that he could not drive him that way to surrender. He knew that in the other man's place he would have given way, that his enemy was gamer than he was.

He threw up his hand in a sullen gesture that disclaimed responsibility. "All right. It's on your own head. I've done all I can for you."

"What's on my head?"

"Your life. D——n you, don't you see you're driving me too far.?"

"How far?"

"I'm not going to let you get away to send us to prison. What do you expect?"

Luck's frosty eyes did not release the other for a moment. "How are you going to prevent it, Cass?"

"I'll find a way."

"Blackwell's way—the Devil's Slide?"

The puzzled look of the sheepman told Cullison that Blackwell's plan of exit for him had not been submitted to the other.

"Your friend from Yuma has been explaining how he has arranged for me to cross the Divide," he went on. "I'm to be plugged full of lead, shot down that rock, and landed in a prospect hole at the bottom."

"First I've heard of it." Fendrick wheeled upon his accomplice with angry eyes. He was in general a dominant man, and not one who would stand much initiative from his assistants.

"He's always deviling me," complained the convict surlily. Then, with a flash of anger: "But I stand pat. He'll get his before I take chances of getting caught. I'm nobody's fool."

Cass snapped him up. "You'll do as I say. You'll not lift a finger against him unless he tries to escape."

"Have you seen the Sentinel? I tell you his friends know everything. Someone's peached. They're hot on our trail. Bucky O'Connor is in the hills. Think I'm going to be caught like a rat in a trap?"

"We'll talk of that later. Now you go look after my horse while I keep guard here."

Blackwell went, protesting that he was no "nigger" to be ordered about on errands. As soon as he was out of hearing Fendrick turned his thin lip-smile on the prisoner.

"It's up to you, Cullison. I saved your life once. I'm protecting you now. But if your friends show up he'll do as he says. I won't be here to stop him. Sign up and don't be a fool."

Luck's answer came easily and lightly. "My friend, we've already discussed that point."

"You won't change your mind?"

"Your arguments don't justify it, Cass."

The sheepman looked at him with a sinister significance. "Good enough. I'll bring you one that will justify it muy pronto."

"It will have to be a mighty powerful one. Sorry I can't oblige you and your friend, the convict."

"It'll be powerful enough." Fendrick went to the door and called Blackwell. "Bring back that horse. I'm going down to the valley."

Trapped! Luck Cullison was caught at last with Blackwell's fiendish plan about the Devil's Slide on one hand, and, on the other Fendrick's dogged determination to have the papers signed. Will Cullison's friends appear in time? This long lane of revenge turns in the next chapter, appearing in the Ledger for July 10.

The Room.

There's a Room off yonder called Yesterday.
It is built of the years that are put away
In lavender flowers and orris sweet,
Like the scented folds of a winding-sheet.

There's a slanting stair that no step can know
But the music of yours in the long ago;
And there's a mirror which shows no face
In all that silent, unpeopled place,
But the face of you; and there is a nook,
Like some rare resting-place in a book,
Where no sound comes but a wandering tone
Of your voice into a memory grown.

I thought on that Room I had turned the key,
And lost it—but, O, it was not to be!
I thought I had sealed it and barred the way,
And struck a bargain with Yesterday
To come not back with phantom or ghost,
Or image of anything I loved most!

But nay—thru its fallen portal I pass,
To find your face in the looking-glass;
To behold you leaning against the stair,
With a shaft of sun on your burnished hair!
To hear your voice ringing thru and thru—
Ah, what are the years without dreams and you!

—LILLA B. N. WESTON.

Grounds for Dismay

"COFFEE!" echoed the girl who had dropped in for a call. Don't tell me it's coffee you're offering me. If you only knew how I love it and the awful time I've been having——"

"Doctor forbidden it?" asked the hostess, as she dropped two lumps of sugar into the cup.

"Oh, no, but I've been visiting the Morgans. Know the Morgans? Well, they're perfectly lovely people, but they don't drink coffee. If you can think of anything worse for a true coffee lover than being immured in a household where its very name is taboo, I wish you'd tell me what it is.

"You see, I went intending to stay a month, and I expected to have a perfectly glorious time. They do all the things I like best, golf and motoring and playing bridge. But I received my first shock on the very first morning. I'm always cross in the morning until I've had my coffee, and on this day I woke with a headache and came downstairs simply longing for a good black cup to banish it. What was my utter horror to have Mabel Morgan smile at me sweetly and ask whether I preferred cocoa or a new kind of coffee preparation made from baled hay!

"Well, I took the new stuff, and of all the frightful concoctions which ever defamed the name of coffee that was the worst. My headache got worse instead of better, and Mabel's innocent prattle about how much better they all had felt since they gave up coffee drinking didn't improve it any, either. I resolved to escape immediately after breakfast and run down to the little tearoom in the next block for a draft of the cup that cheers me. But escaping wasn't so easy. The minute I suggested taking a little stroll, Mabel said she knew I wouldn't mind letting little Dorothy walk with me, the dear child needed the air. So, of course, I took little Dorothy and I didn't want her to go home and report any indulgences on my part, so I went around without any coffee. As soon as I got back to the house Mabel proposed a game of golf, so I had no more opportunity.

"I tried to induce Mabel to stay at the golf club for luncheon in the hope that I might get coffee there, but there was no such luck. Mable wanted to get home to the children, so back we went and I drank a nice stimulating glass of milk for my lunch. I should have died before night if I had not gone to dinner and been treated to a demitasse, and as it was I lay awake wondering how on earth I could live thru the next day.

"Well, I decided to wander off immediately after breakfast in apparently aimless fashion and as soon as I had cleared the hedge simply beat it for the restaurant, but that darling little Dorothy stuck to me like a burr. It was hopeless. I went back to the sun parlor and tried to read, but wild thoughts of bribing the cook, of sending home for an alcohol lamp and a pound of coffee, or of open rebellion made reading impossible.

"What? Ask Mable to let me have coffee? Oh, you simply don't know how Mable is. I couldn't ask her for coffee. Some people are like that, you know, they simply ooze disapproval until you can't stand it. Mabel had gone in for coffee temperance until she was rabid on the subject.

"Well, I got to the point where I bought coffee flavored chocolate creams and would have taken furniture polish if I had thought it contained coffee. I know exactly how some men must feel since the country has gone dry. I felt desperate. After living on milk and cocoa for a week I bribed my sister-in-law to write me, saying that I was needed at home at once, and home I came. Was I glad to get back? Mercy, I should say so. And before I go visiting again I'll make sure that my hostess doesn't want to reform all the enjoyment out of breakfast.

"Yes, thank you, I will have another cup. Oh, no, if I thought I really depended on coffee I'd give it up; of course, I wouldn't be a slave to anything of the sort, for worlds. It's simply that I enjoy it, you know, and it doesn't hurt me a bit. If you have a little more I shouldn't mind."

SNEEZENABLE.

A versatile girl from Seaview
Was booked for a speech on "Who's Who?"
When the time came, behold!
The poor thing had a cold,
So about all she said was, "Ka-choo!"

Over fifty years ago a young physician practiced widely in a rural district and became famous for his uniform success in the curing of disease. This was Dr. Pierce, who afterwards established himself in Buffalo, N. Y., and placed one of his prescriptions, which he called "Golden Medical Discovery," in the drug stores of the United States so that the public could easily obtain this very remarkable tonic, corrective and blood-maker. Dr. Pierce manufactured this "Discovery" from roots and barks—a corrective remedy, the ingredients of which nature had put in the fields and forests, for keeping us healthy. Few folks or families now living have not at sometime or other used this "Golden Medical Discovery" for the stomach, liver and heart. Over twenty-four million bottles of this tonic and blood remedy have been sold in this country.

Stories for the Ledger Boys and Girls

Fooling Cousin Rogers

"IF YOU get Fanny mad enough she can do anything" remarked her twin sister, Nanny. "Now, I'm different. When I'm mad I'm too furious to do anything except grind my teeth."

"Well, I never get mad," said Cousin Rogers.

Nanny's glance seemed to say: "We'll see about that!"

You see, this cousin of the twins lived in a far-off city and had come on a visit, so they were just getting acquainted. The girls thought he was a little bit self-important.

"Says he never gets mad," Nanny told Fanny.

"Well, he seems kind of good-natured," said Fanny.

"I bet we could make him mad easier than shaking a stick!" cried Nanny.

"It might be fun," agreed Fanny.

That very day, after a hearty dinner, the girls found Rogers lying comfortably in the hammock on the screened porch.

"Oh, Rogers," said Fanny, "we're going on a little picnic and here is some supper. We thought we'd row over to the island. It's a dandy place. You'd like it. Come on!"

"I don't feel like rowing so soon after dinner," said Rogers comfortably

"Well, we'll row going and you row coming back," said Fanny.

"All right," agreed Rogers, "tho I don't usually let the girls do all the work."

Soon they were in the boat. Fanny and Nanny each with an oar and their cousin sitting comfortably in the stern.

"The current is helping you," said Rogers. "It'll be much harder coming home, 'specially as the wind is coming up."

It was true—the row to the island was quite easy and soon the three were landed on the little sandy shore of the small island. Fanny and Nanny went off together. "Now," whispered Fanny, "as soon as he is out of sight we'll grab the boat."

Rogers had seen some opossum tracks and went off on their trail so the girls placed the two lunch baskets on the shore with a notice:

We know you never get angry,
So we leave you without fear or sorrow.
Here's some lunch in case you get hungry,
We'll come back for you some time tomorrow.

Then they rowed away and pushed into a little cove on the opposite shore where they could watch without being seen.

"He'll just explode he'll be so mad!" said Nanny, gleefully.

Soon they saw their cousin coming, running from the woods. He reached the shore and missed the boat and stood awhile, scratching his head and thinking. Then he spied the notice his cousins had left.

"Wait till he sees the lunch," snickered Fanny.

She knew boys cared a lot about "eats." Rogers soon went to the baskets and looked inside. One was filled with sawdust and the other held a couple of raw potatoes and a head of cabbage. It was as good as a movie show, Nannie said, to sit there and watch him.

He stood awhile in thought and then went into the woods. Soon he came back and took the baskets away with him. The girls waited and waited and the cool breeze which had come up chilled them.

"Maybe we'd better slip up and peep at him and see what he's doing," said Fanny.

Nanny thought so too, so they rowed back to the island and hiding the boat in some bushes they scouted inland. They had not gone far when they spied smoke and following it they found their cousin sitting before a comfortable campfire over which hung a large iron pot. Nearby was a small tent.

"Hello, Rogers!" cried Fanny. "What are you doing?"

"Hello," replied Rogers, coolly. "I found this little camp a while ago. Guess somebody is camping here. Whoever it is is out now so I was borrowing his campfire to cook cabbage while some potatoes were roasting in the ashes."

"Oh, that sign and all was just a joke," explained Fanny.

"Weren't you mad a bit?" asked Nanny sadly.

"Why should I be?" said Rogers. "I'm enjoying myself. Always do."

"Well, I'm sorry, but we must start home now," said Fanny. "Mother expects us home for supper."

It took a little coaxing to get Rogers to leave the comfortable fire he had built. "And you promised to row back," said Fanny. Rogers said, "Sure," and took the oars. "Mind you hurry," said Nanny, "or we'll be late."

"It wouldn't be my fault," replied Rogers cheerfully. He began to pull on the oars and the boat began to zigzag. First it zigged and then it zagged and it was plain to see that Rogers either couldn't or wouldn't row the boat against the tide.

"Here!" cried Fanny at last. "I'll row. "Mother'll be anxious."

Her eyes snapped as she changed places and she called to Nanny: "Come on, take an oar." But Nanny tossed her head: "Not much!" she cried. "He's just putting on. He can stay here all night. I won't row him!"

Creak, creak! What a queer noise? They looked about curiously. Creak, creak! It was Rogers gritting his teeth.

"You do it, Nan," he said. "You know, you told me you did."

Then Nanny remembered and blushing deeply got up and sat down beside her sister. "I just won't let him know I'm mad!" she thought. "We couldn't make him mad."

They began to row in silence until suddenly Rogers began to laugh. "Good for you, girls!" he cried. "You are good sports. Come on, I was just fooling awhile ago. Let me row now and I'll get us home in a jiffy."

"Never!" cried Fanny, almost sobbing "I'll row myself, even if it kills me."

Nanny pulled her sleeve. "Say," she whispered, "maybe we could learn something from Cousin Rogers. Don't let him know we're mad. We'll pretend we don't care!"

Fanny's eyes flashed and she laughed. "All right," she agreed. "We'll fool him, anyway."

Erasing Him.

"I—I S-S-S-Say, ma," stammered Bobby thru the soap, as his mother scrubbed and scrubbed him. "I guess you want to get rid o' me, don't you?"

The Two Pets.

"YOU shall have a pet canary for your birthday, Ruth," said Ruth's mother, "if you will promise to take all the care of it yourself."

"But you'll have to show me how, mother," replied Ruth, eagerly

"To be sure, dear," said her mother, "and I'll be glad to do that. But a little girl who is old enough to have a pet all her own is old enough to look after it."

So the bargain was made and on Ruth's fifth birthday she found, hanging by the dining-room window, a brand new cage and a beautiful new canary. The cage hung close by mother's bird and Ruth was sure that her new pet would feel happy and at home with company so near by. And no doubt he did for he sang and sang and gave Ruth the happiest kind of a birthday greeting.

After breakfast Ruth had her first lesson in housekeeping for pets. She learned to give Dick (that was the name she had long ago decided to give her bird if she ever had one) his tub, to clean his cage and to fix his water and seed and everything just as he would like to have it. And she thought it was all such interesting work.

Ellen thought it was interesting work too and she had almost as good a time watching as Ruth did working. Ellen was 3, far too young, of course, to take care of a bird, so she didn't have one.

Every morning for a whole week Ellen watched the process of cleaning and feeding.

"Can't I have a pet for my birthday?" she asked. "I'd take such good care of it and feed it and I'd never forget it—never!"

"You don't know what this letter says," said the mother, as she just as that minute finished reading a letter the postman had handed her, "or you wouldn't be worrying about a pet."

"Wouldn't I?" exclaimed Ellen. "Then am I going to get one?"

But her mother wouldn't tell a single word and Ellen had to wait a whole week till her birthday came around. And then, at her birthday breakfast, not a thing happened. Oh, of course, she got pretty gifts and her favorite breakfast and all that, but not a sign of a new pet was to be seen. Ellen smiled and tried not to care, but she couldn't help wishing that something would come to her—something she wanted very much.

And then, just as Ruth was ready to fix Dicky for the day the door bell rang.

Ellen, being the birthday girl, was allowed to go to the door and what do you suppose she saw? An expressman—with a great big package that looked like a cage only it wasn't a real cage.

The children's mother came and signed the book and then the expressman helped them open the box, and what do you suppose ran out the minute there was a crack to run thru? A tiny little jet black kitty! And around her neck was a ribbon and on the ribbon was a card which said, "Happy birthday to Ellen from Aunt Ellen."

You can guess there was scampering in the house for a while, for Jet, that was the name Ellen gave the kitty, had to see all over the place. But the real excitement came when Ruth finally started to fix Dicky. Jet didn't like Dicky! He humped up his back and made the awfullest face the minute Ruth took the cage down. So Ellen picked him up and carried him out to the kitchen and there he had to stay until Dicky was fixed and Ruth called, "The coast is clear!"

Those two pets, who didn't like each other kept the girls busy; but Ruth thinks that some day Jet will learn that Dicky is nice and Dicky will learn that Jet won't hurt a bird that's shut up safely in a cage

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NUXATED IRON HELPS MAKE KEEN, RED BLOODED SUCCESSFUL MEN

Upon Whose Shoulders Rest Lightly The Cares of Business and Home Life

Every Strong, Red-Blooded Man Is A Hero To His Little Daughter

Only the father who has felt the gentle clasp of tiny fingers about his strong arm, who has seen in the great expressive eyes of his little daughter the shining light of supreme faith and has sensed her feeling of perfect confidence and child-like admiration for him—only such a man can truly know the meaning of perfect "hero worship." And what pride comes to that man who has been able to keep up his health and strength to a point where he can continue with force and courage to master the difficulties of his daily business life without being too tired and nervous for a happy evening at home.

Yet there are many who in the wear and strain of hard work and worry for the families they love allow their systems to become weakened and run-down until the iron is sapped from their blood and before fully aware of their condition they lose the role of a hero and protector to become simply a care to the ones they hold most dear.

"If such men would only realize in time that they must have pure red blood, rich in iron—to keep up their health and strength and would take a short course of Nuxated Iron, they might readily build themselves up to a most surprising degree," says Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner, in commenting on how modern methods of living tend to break down the health and weaken the blood. In the present day mad rush for Success, these men push their mental energies to the limit without the physical strength to back them up. As a result, worry, work and ill-health saps the iron from their blood and leaves them weak, nervous and run-down. They are so anxious to get ahead that they do not realize that iron is absolutely essential to the greatest development of physical and mental power. Unless they supply this iron deficiency now, they cannot hope to have the rich, red blood that sends fires of energy through body and brain and makes men forge ahead. I strongly advise every man who is fagged out by worry, work and other strains to build up his health, energy and endurance by taking some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for I consider it one of the foremost blood and body builders, the best to which I have ever had recourse."

Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience and formerly of the British Naval Medical Service, in commenting upon the foregoing statement said: "Without iron there can be no strong, red-blooded men. In the wear and tear of modern business life, when the vital forces are being constantly drawn upon, many men find themselves without the sustaining strength produced by the nourishing foods and outdoor sports of boyhood days that kept up the supply of iron in their blood. As a consequence they find themselves on the verge of a physical and nervous breakdown at a time when they should be enjoying their best years. Unless strength-giving iron is obtained from the foods we eat it must be supplied in some form that is easily absorbed and assimilated. For this purpose I always recommend Nuxated Iron which by enriching the blood and creating new blood cells, strengthens the nerves, rebuilds the weakened tissues and helps to instill renewed energy into the whole system.

Manufacturer's Note: Nuxated Iron, which is recommended above is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Each tablet of genuine Nuxated Iron is stamped as follows and the words Nuxated Iron are stamped into each bottle, so that the public may not be led into accepting inferior substitutes. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. G-1,
500 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Goosey Goosey Gander.

EACH summer when Tom went to visit his grandmother in the country he had a pet for all his very own. One year it was a lamb, the cunningest, whitest little pet lamb anybody ever saw. The next summer it was a pig; a funny, sleek brown pig, and Tom grew so attached to him that he actually wanted to take him back along with him when it came time to go to the city.

And now this year Tom wondered a good deal what sort of a pet he would have when he got to the farm. You see, the trouble with the pets he had had before was that they always grew up. The lamb that was so little and cute one summer was a great big sheep the next year and the much loved little pig was so big and grunty that even Tom himself didn't care to own him for a pet.

As spring rolled around, grandpa thought about that pet they would have ready for Tom every bit as much as Tom himself thought about it. And finally he and grandma decided on a goose. A beautiful, big, white goose. A beautiful, big, white goose with a gorgeous orange colored bill and a very polite manner—for a goose. They took the goose away from the flock and let her live in the dooryard, close by the back porch so she would get used to folks, and to be a nice pet.

So that was how it happened that as soon as Tom jumped out of the car that brought him from the train, a great, beautiful white goose came waddling up to meet him.

Tom was delighted—who wouldn't have been? And he immediately asked, "Oh, grandpa! Please mayn't I have that pretty goose-y for my pet?"

And, of course, grandpa and grandma were much pleased and nodded yes.

That was the beginning of a lot of fun for Tom. Now perhaps you wouldn't think a mere goose could learn to do many tricks, but if you think that, you think wrong. That goose of Tom's learned to do more things! And Tom had such fun while teaching it that the summer seemed to fly by on wings.

Oh, of course, he and the goose didn't play together all the time. There were rides on the big farm tractor of grandpa's, and lovely hours in the kitchen with grandma while she made cookies and jams (with Tom as official taster to be sure), and picnics by the dam some five miles away. All those things Tom did and more. But whenever he didn't have something very special to do, he could sit on the back door step, or on the bench down by the arbor and play with Mrs. Goose.

She liked corn—Tom soon found that out. And also she wasn't a bit afraid of her master, not a bit. So Tom would hide the corn he had for her in his pockets in his smock, and Mrs. Goose learned to snoop around from pocket to pocket till she got her full meal.

One day Tom decided it would be fun to tie up the corn in his handkerchief and see if she could get it out then. Could she? Well, you should have seen her!

She pecked at the string, she jerked at the handkerchief till finally she made a hole and out spilled the corn all over the ground and all she had to do was to eat it up at her leisure.

Fortunately it was an old handkerchief, for Mrs. Goose had made the hole in the cloth instead of breaking the string as Tom intended her to.

But when he told grandmother, she suggested using some old cloth in which a hole wouldn't matter. So every day after that, Tom tied up Mrs. Goose's supper in a bit of old cloth and then let her dig it out. She liked the game and played and snorted in a way that was most laughable. But what she liked best, was the minute when the corn spilled out and she could eat her supper.

Some Method.

FIRST Boy—"My father is a fine artist. With a few strokes he can turn a laughing face into a sorrowful one."

Second Boy—"So can mine, but he uses a stick."

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HARDWARE STORE

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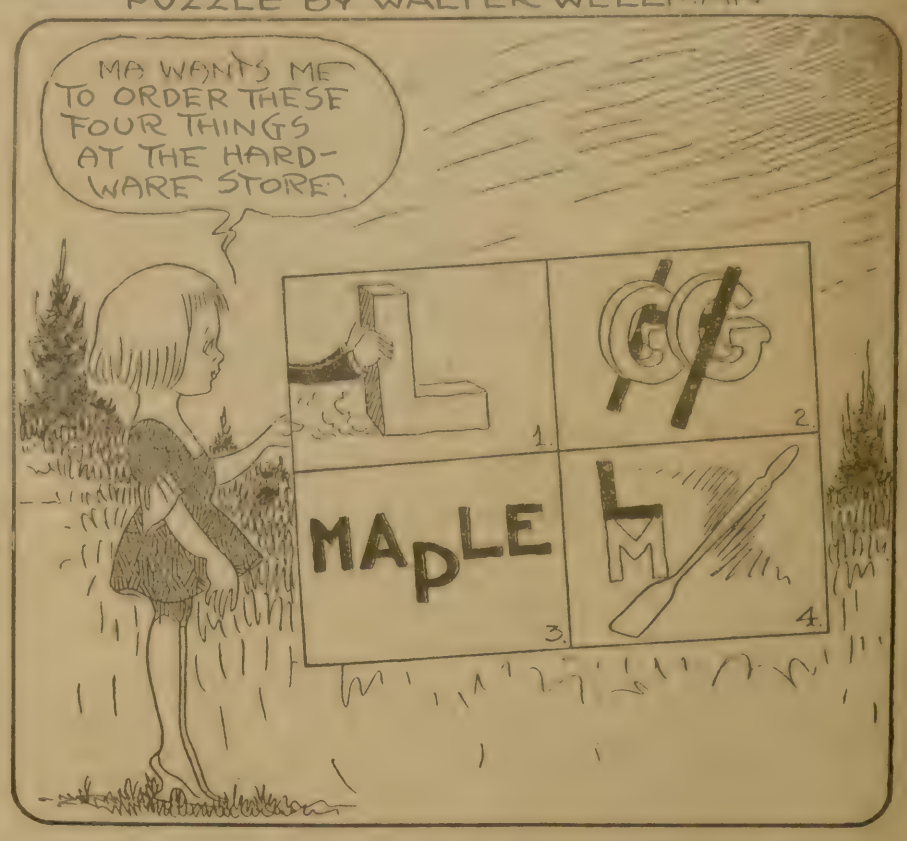

What Did Mary's Mother Ask Her to Order at the Hardware Store?

Peter the Great.

(Born May 30, 1672.)

PETER was only a little boy, 11 years old, to be exact, when his father, the Czar Alexis, died. His step-brother, Ivan, was the next in line to the throne and crown of Russia, but, unlike Peter, he was weak and timid. It was not to be wondered that the Czarina loved her son above all else and wished for him the crown which had descended to her step-son. Many of the guards knew of the hopes that flamed in the Czarina's breast and feared for the safety of the weak Ivan. But the Czarina was a good woman, and the fear of the guards was wrongfully placed. One afternoon as she and the two boys were together in the palace, they heard great noise and confusion in the court below, and then the cry: "Where is the Czar Ivan? Where is the true Czar? Is he dead? Is he living? Let us see the Czar."

"They think I have killed thee, Ivan," sobbed his step-mother, "what shall we do? The guards are fierce, and they would spare none of us if they find us here."

"Let Ivan and me go out on the staircase," said Peter. "When they see him they will be satisfied and go away."

"Oh, no," said Ivan, drawing back in fright.

"Peter is right," said the Czarina, "nothing but the sight of you will reassure the guard that you still live." Peter took Ivan's trembling hand and pulled the older boy out on the landing of the great stairs. So great was the confusion that at first the boys were not noticed. Ivan in fright hid behind the smaller boy, who braved the storm without a fear or tremor. Suddenly one of the soldiers spied Peter on the landing. In an instant all eyes were upon him. "There is Peter," howled the mob, "show us the Czar."

"Ivan is here, too," shouted the boy, "stand up, Ivan, it is you they want to see, not me; here is Ivan with me." Very much frightened, the Czar came from his hiding place behind Peter and holding the younger boy's hand, exposed himself to the view of the crowd. "Hail the Czar! Long live the Czar! All hail to thee, Ivan, son of the Great Alexis!" cried the guard. Then they remembered Peter again and rushed at him with their spears uplifted. But the little boy was not afraid. The blood of a mighty Czar flowed in his veins. He lifted a steady hand and a white face to the approaching mob and his clear voice sounded above the roar: "I am not afraid of you, the Czar Alexis was my father, too, why should I be afraid of my father's guards? If I had been afraid I never would have come out when you called. A great hush followed his words. Slowly the spears were lowered and then some one cheered and the rest took up the cry: "Hail the two Czars—Ivan and Peter—the sons of Alexis—the two boy Czars!"

After that the boy had no need to fear. There was not a man amongst the guard who would not have laid down his life for the brave little Czar, as Peter was soon called. But Peter had enemies outside of the palace, and his life was not an easy one. His life was in constant danger, and his mother did her best to shield him from the attacks of his foes. Finally, however, he endeared and made himself master of all who met him, and he was proclaimed joint Czar with his older brother. He was as brave a man as he had been a boy, and he never tired of doing things to improve the conditions of his people who had placed their trust in him. He won a place for himself in history and was known as the strongest of the Russian Czars, Peter the Great.

The Spirit of the Times.

"I WAS sleeping last night, mamma, and I dreamed about myself. It was such a nice dream, mamma."

"You did, dear? Well, what did you dream?"

"I dreamed, mamma, that I was an angel, and had wings, and I flew all about the sky, and I could carry people up with me. And, mamma, I charged them a dollar a ride."

Correct.

"WHAT is meant by every cloud having a silver lining?" asked the teacher.

"That's when a feller is so sick that he can't go to school," replied the red-headed boy in the back row.

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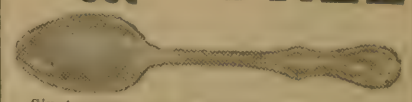

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Half-Minute Stories

Three Compact Real-life Yarns.

Growing Up.

IT WAS very late at night—at least 8:15. The young man stamped down the front steps. On the sidewalk he met the very young woman from across the street, who was returning with a loaf of bread from the corner delicatessen.

"Lo," said he. She smiled shyly.

"Nice night, isn't it?" The sky was overcast, but the very young man had heard his father discuss the weather in this manner.

"Uhu," said the little girl across the way. "Where you going?"

"I dunno," then, inspiration coming, "Movie, maybe. I've got a whole half dollar. Lookit!" He displayed the coin.

"Does your mother let you go to movies tihs late at night?" queried the little girl in awestruck tones.

"Sure," said the youngster proudly. "Why, I'm grown up, I am. I'm going to put on long trousers pretty soon, maybe. Lots of times I come in as late as 10 o'clock."

"Oh," said the little girl admiringly. "But where'd you get all that money?"

"Dad! I've got an allowance now, I have. Two dollars a week, and I can spend it just like I want to. You see dad gave it to me this way: I used to be getting a quarter a week. That wasn't enough, not by a long shot.

"So when dad came home one night I went up to him and said, 'Pop, let's talk this over. I'm not getting enough money now to pay my expenses. I gotta have marbles that cost a nickel a piece or not play at all. Dad thought it over for quite a while, then he said, 'Orlando, you're 'tirely right. How much do you think you ought to have?'

"'A dollar and a half,' I told him.

"'I'll make it $2,' he said. 'That's the kind of an old man to have, I'm telling you.'"

The little girl sighed.

"I wish I was a boy," she admitted. "My mother calls me in when it's dark every day, altho I'm most as old as you are. And sometimes dad gives me a half dollar a week, but most times he doesn't."

"That's all right," said the youngster who hoped to graduate. "You can't help being a girl. You're not to blame. But it sure feels great to grow up.

"Think of it! Two dollars a week! Never asked where I'm going at night or have I got my lessons finished. I tell you, I'm glad my parents is sensible about it."

The little girl looked her admiration. The door of the youngster's house opened framing a matronly figure against the lighted background.

"Orlando Stubbs," snapped the matronly figure, "if you don't hurry up to the grocery with that half dollar before the store closes your dad'll paddle you well and keep your quarter allowance back this week."

Orlando got.

* * *

The Test of Friendship.

"THE next time I do anything for anybody I'll know it," growled Parker to his partner. "Up to now I've been a sort of good natured easygoing chap, but I'm going to change. You know the Lanes, don't you? Well, they decided all of a sudden that they'd go somewhere, Florida or California, and they up and offered their three-room apartment to a bride and groom for two months.

"Jim Lane called me up at the last minute and said the young folks were coming in on the 10 o'clock train Sunday morning, and he and his wife were going out on the 9:50, so would I please see to the meeting of them. He said he'd stop and leave the key with my wife and we could get it on our way up. Of course I agreed.

"Down I went and rushed the young people into a taxi as soon as they arrived. The key had not come when I left the house, so we stopped there and found that Jimmy had forgotten to leave it. Of course, there wasn't anything to do but to ask the bride and groom to come in and stay with us until I found out the lay of the land. Well, they went in and I rushed over to Jimmy's flat to interview the janitor. There was no key anywhere.

"Moreover, the agent didn't know me and said I'd have to get the key before he'd let me in. The bride and groom had to stay at our house all night and the next morning about 4 o'clock I was awakened by a special delivery boy with the key that Jimmy had sent by mail as soon as he found it still in his pocket. Meanwhile the trunks had arrived and we got to the flat in time to keep the janitor and expressman from coming to blows on the back porch.

"The flat looked awfully swell and cozy all right, but my wife discovered that there wasn't a sheet or a tablecloth left anywhere. The high cost of linen had made the Lanes stick away all they had and they forgot to tell the new tenants a single thing about it. Of course there wasn't a thing to do but for my wife to send over as large a supply of everything as she could spare, for the poor little bride was in despair and didn't want to buy a lot of new things when she had wedding presents enough in her home town to run a hotel as far as linen went. We had to help her stock their larder, too, for it was a holiday and all the neighborhood stores were closed. Mrs. Parker and I spent the whole day and a lot of cash on those two geese and at nightfall we went to our own home conscious that we had done all we could to help two dear young persons.

"At half past 9 that night our doorbell rang. I went to answer it and found the most woebegone couple standing there that I ever saw. The bride and groom had been running all over the city trying to find a place to stay and they had wound up at our house to throw themselves on our mercy. The groom said his arms were most broken carrying suitcases and he had spent all his money on taxis.

"They've been with us ever since. You see, just after my wife and I left them to the peace and quiet of the cute litte three-room flat, the agent put in an appearance with a message from the landlord. He refused to sublet that apartment under any circumstances."

* * *

The New Tenants.

"THE new set of tenants have all moved in," began the janitor's wife, "and from the looks of themselves and their furniture, which is a good thing to go by, I think we'll have a nice time of it. And that's what we're after. Start a janitor off with nice folks in his building, and it makes his life a pleasure. Put in a few sour ones that seem ready to turn Bolsheviki any minute if the heat ain't up in the morning and the poor soul who fires the boilers has miserable days.

"At that, we had a very nice set last year, with a few exceptions.

"On the fifth lived a family that acted as if they were royal blood or something, and were used to a dozen servants. They expected eight men's work out of a janitor. And they expected I, who is the janitor's wife, to do the work of four maids, and be a pinch hitter, like Oswald, my husband said, whenever their cook went on a walkout.

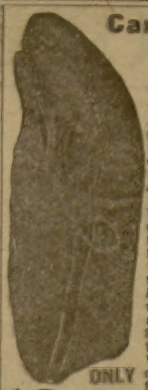
"That woman was the limit. I have had her 'phone me by the basement and as if there was a burglar in the house tell me to come up right away as soon as I could as there was something terrible she had to tell me about. I would dash up the stairs and expect to meet a murder scene. Then my mad would get up. What do you think, for instance, would be the matter? She'd tell me she just saw a cobweb in the front hall and she couldn't eat or sleep till I removed it. I often felt like telling her to stretch out and die then, but I had to be nice on account of the agent and us being such friends and they were people, he said, who came across with the rent without no fuss and wanted very little decorating done.

"Now the woman who moved into the third on the north looks a whole lot like the one mentioned, but you know you never can tell by appearances. Oswald has a brother who looks like a duplicate of my husband, but that's as far as the resemblance goes. It will take me a week to find out if that other woman is in the same class with the party she looks like.

"The people on the second are just a husband and wife couple, and from the looks of him I can tell you right now he won't give Oswald no trouble. He's one of the kind that does his best to make friends, and before long them two will be like brothers.

"The new ones on the first moved in five children with them. They didn't mention that they was a convention when they leased the flat, and when the agent hears about it he may be angry, but I'll take care of that. We are not the kind who are against the little ones. I'll tell that agent that them five children are more like angels than live ones.

"I'm funny that way, I couldn't be happy if there wasn't a lot of childhood happiness around. That's why I think we got a good deal this year, and here's hoping I'm right, Mrs. McNix."



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Women's come in unfinished elk skin light brown; satin lined; fringe of leather around top gives them a neat appearance very good for the house.

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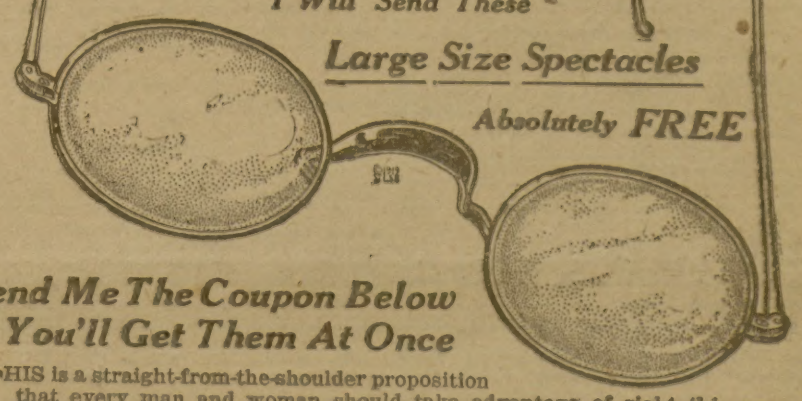

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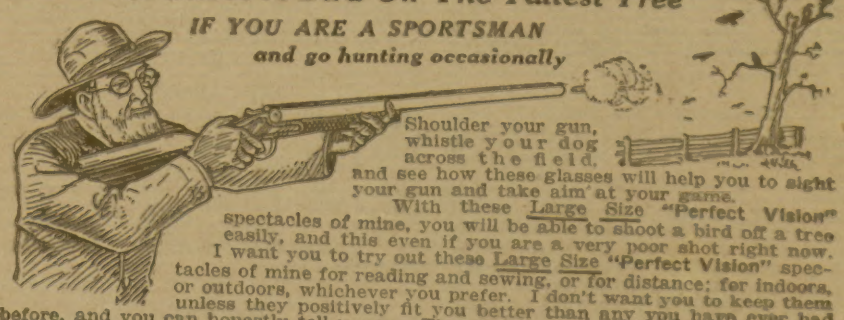

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I Don't Ask You To Send Me A Cent So You Have Nothing To Lose.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the coupon below at once; let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of my 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, in a handsome velteen-lined, spring-back, Pocket-book Spectacle Case, for you to try fully ten days absolutely free. Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 33 ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, velteen-lined, spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, without a cent of cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $1.95 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....

50¢ The GOZOG BOOMERANG

The Newest Novelty Toy, modeled after the genuine Alaskan and North American Indian Boomerang. Flies through the air like the boomerang. Does unbelievable stunts. Double overhead circles, parachute drop, straight way and back, rabbit hop circle at the ground and back, battle ax flight and drop, returning to the thrower. Healthiest outdoor sport for grownups and children. Durably made. Order now. Send coin, money order or stamps.

GOZOG BOOMERANG CO.,
Dept. 73, 845 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

HOT OFF THE JOKESMITH'S ANVIL

Absolute Proof.

"Jimmy, have you washed your hands?"

"Yes, ma, an' if you don't believe me you can just come and look at the towel."

Enough's Enough.

The outside of the small village inn didn't promise much comfort, but it was that or nothing, so the stranded cyclist engaged a room and prepared for the worst.

On going upstairs after a meal, he found there was no water in the jug, no soap and no towel. So he pulled at the creaky bell wire.

Nothing happened, altho he heard a faint tinkle down below. He waited a few minutes and then rang again and again and again at intervals.

At the end of 20 minutes a heavy footfall sounded in the passage, his room door was unceremoniously thrust open and a tousled head appeared.

"Did you ring?" asked the owner of the tousled head in a drowsy voice.

"Did I ring!" snapped the visitor. "Of course, I rang. I've been ringing for half an hour!"

"Well, don't do it again," admonished the drowsy voice as the head disappeared. "You've woke me up!"

Then He Swooned.

The young wife was greeted by the obsequious grocer with a request to know what he could have the pleasure of serving her with, and she proceeded to place her first order as follows:

"Please send me five pounds of paralyzed sugar for frosting."

"Yes'm. Anything else?"

"Yes; send me three cans of condemned milk."

"Yes'm. What else?"

"I want some salt if you have any that is fresh. You must be sure that it is nice and fresh."

"Yes'm; I have some perfectly fresh —just came in this morning. Do you want anything else, Madam? I have some very fine horseradish."

"No, thank you. I do not care for any. We do not keep a horse."

Farm Life.

"Did you work up a good appetite on the farm?"

"Did I? I ate roasting ears until a growth of silk came out and covered my bald spot."

Coming Up Smiling.

Max Eastman, the New York propagandist, threw down his periodical with a snort.

"There's too much of this sunshine fiction being written," he said. "With prices what they are, there's too much smile stuff, too much optimism altogether. A friend of mine was talking about an optimist the other day.

"'What an optimist Smiler is,' he said. 'If he failed in business he'd thank Providence he had his health; if he failed in health he'd thank Providence he had his business, and if he failed in both he'd give a cheery, optimistic laugh and say: 'Oh, well, what use is the one without the other?'"

How Dear to Our Heart!

"I heard a lot o' folks acrost the road singin' 'The Old Oaken Bucket' way late last night," remarked Si Simlin.

"Yes," replied Uncle Bill Bottlestop. "Kind o' sounded like they'd been takin' that old oaken bucket out an' fillin' 'er up with raisins and yeast and things."

At the Wrong Time.

Mother—"What's the matter, darling?"

Child—"P-p-pa hit his finger with the hammer."

Mother—"Don't cry about that; you should laugh."

Child—"I—I—d-did."

Change of Heart.

The shaded lights, music in the distance, sweet perfumes from the costly flowers about them—everything was just right for a proposal, and Timkins decided to chance his luck. She was pretty, which was good, and also, he believed, an heiress, which was better.

"Are you not afraid that some one will marry you for your money?" he asked gently.

"Oh, dear, no!" smiled the girl. "Such an idea never entered my head."

"Ah, Miss Liscombe," he sighed, "in your sweet innocence you do not dream how coldly, cruelly mercenary some men are!"

"Perhaps I don't," replied the girl calmly.

"I would not for a moment have such a terrible fate befall you!" he said passionately. "You are too good, too beautiful. The man who wins you should love you for yourself alone."

"He'll have to," the girl remarked, "it's my cousin Jenie who has the money —not I. You seem to have got us mixed. I haven't a penny myself."

"Oh—er," stammered the young man. "What pleasant weather we are having, aren't we?"

Freddie's Idea of It.

Freddie—"Are you the trained nurse mamma said was coming?"

Nurse—"Yes, dear, I am the trained nurse."

Freddie—"Let's see some of your tricks, then."

A Missionary.

She'd inspected every parrot in the store, and the dealer was getting rather tired. She declared one bird was too green to go with the dining-room and another too red for the drawing-room, and so on. At last she almost settled on a purchase. Then suddenly she asked:

"But is he a good bird? I mean, I hope he doesn't use dreadful language."

"'E's a saint, lady," breathed the dealer fervently. "Sings 'yms beautiful. I 'ad some parrots wot used to swear crool, but, if you'll believe me, this 'ere bird converted the lot of 'em."

Starting Gently.

Prince Albert, King George's second son, is fond of telling the story of a crochety old farmer who consulted a lawyer about trouble with his neighbor. "I want you ter write him a letter an' tell him this here foolishness has got ter stop."

"Very well," said the lawyer, "what do you want to say?"

"Waal," answered the farmer, "begin by tellin' him that he's the blackest, lyin'est, thievin'est, lowdownest scoundrel on airth, and then work it oop."

The Latest.

The fashionable physician walked in in his breezy way and nodded smilingly at his patient.

"Well, here I am, Mrs. Adams," he announced. "What do you think is the matter with you this morning?"

"Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the fashionable patient, languidly. "What is new?"

Her Goal.

"I heard that pretty little woman say the other day that she was going to do her best to make her Billy's life perfectly happy. She must be very much in love with her husband."

"That wasn't her husband she was talking about; it was her pet poodle."

NOT A BIT!

The guy next door is a violinist,
The sap across the hall is a pianist,
The rube above is a soloist,
The nut below is a victrolist
My roommate's a linguist—
Can you wonder that
I am a pessimist?

The Long Run.

"I—er—wish to—er—advertise in your paper for a house."

"Yes, sir. How many insertions? We make a reduction for a twelve months' series, or there is our cheap contract for three years or over."

It Was Paste.

Leading Lady—"That new comedian is just too impudent."

Manager—"What's he been up to now?"

Leading Lady—"As he sang 'Let Us Clink Again Our Sparkling Glasses,' he looked straight at my diamond."

Brain Teasers.

Concealed Presidents.

304—Take a letter from each word, and cozily tucked away,
You'll find the name of a President of our own dear U. S. A.

1. Several of our boys entered Harvard College this term.
2. Call Friday evening with your old friend.
3. Studying hard makes preparation perfect.
4. Practically all the cleverest students left and enlisted directly.
5. Last Saturday Jenny left for France.
6. May Edna take Amy skating?

Three Letter Biblical Squares.

1.

305—Famed for Patience.
A mixture of rock and metal.
To entreat.

2.

A masculine relative of Abraham's.
A unit.
A non-alcoholic beverage.

Three Additions.

306—1. Add a letter to a tree and find a commander.
2. Add a letter to a tree and find widely admired.
3. Add a letter to a tree and find a woman's name.
4. Add a letter to a tree and find just.
5. Add a letter to a tree and find "to look gay, cheerful or happy."
6. Add a letter to a tree and find a body of the solar system.
7. Add a letter to a tree and find a song of praise.

Double Decapitations.

307—1. Behead "away," and find wide, once more and find a pathway.
2. Behead "smitten" and find a vehicle, once more and find an uneven place.
3. Behead a bird and find one who loves, once more and find across.
4. Behead "to creep away," and find to unite, once more and find a colored liquid.
5. Behead one of a high order of clergy, and find to narrate, once more and find to excite.
6. Behead "a small pool," and find a whip, once more and find a tree.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

300. Geographical Double Acrostic.

I—de—A
L—ee—R
L—ar—K
I—rm—A
N—ou—N
O—de—S
I—nc—A
S—ea—S

301. Six Inventions.

1. Dirigible. 2. Camouflage. 3. Wireless. 4. Depth-Bombs. 5. Tanks. 6. Submarine.

302. Decapitated Farmer's Aids

1. Spade-Pad. 2. Mower-Owe. 3. Hoe-O. 4. Flail-Ail. 5. Harrow-Roar. 6. Wagon-Ago.

303. Three Letter Square Words.

1	2	3
T—O—T	W—A—G	P—E—N
O—N—E	A—P—E	E—R—E
T—E—N	G—E—T	N—E—W

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought wo to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind—
He then pronounced it woo-man.
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims,
That people call them whim-men!

Saving the Trouble.

"Feeling better, dear?" asked Mrs. Profiteer, on a trip to Europe. "Shall I have your dinner sent up to you?"

"Needn't bother," answered Mr. Profiteer, feebly. "Ask as a favor that they throw it overboard for me."

Not Intimate.

Lady of the House—"Have you a letter from your last mistress?"

Applicant—"Well, mum, we was very friendly when we parted, but we haven't been carrying on no correspondence, mum."

To Irate Husband.

Indignant Wife—"You miserable man! You seem to think I'm wrong every time you are in the right!"

Some Gymnast.

Teacher—"What makes you think Robinson Crusoe was an acrobat, Johnny?"

John—"It says in the book that when he got thru with his day's work he sat on his chest."

The Last Resort.

The fat man decided to try golf as a weight reducer. Armed with four sticks, a ball, and a caddie, he marched off to links.

The caddie placed the ball upon the tee. Then, with a terrific swing, the fat man whirled his club thru the air.

But the little white ball still stayed smiling on its tee, while the club, meeting Mother Earth, broke into splinters.

"Give me another club, boy," said the fat man.

Alas! Club No. 2 shared the fate of club No. 1, club No. 3 emulated the evolutions of club No. 2, and club No. 4 flew into a hedge.

And still the little white ball smiled on.

"What would you do now?" asked the golfer, wiping his forehead, as he turned in desperation to the caddie.

Holding out the empty bag, the urchin replied: "Don't give in, guv-nor! Give it a swipe with this!"

His Prestige Gone.

"'Rattlesnake Bill' is strangely altered. What's the trouble?"

"Bill says if he had known what was before him when he went into the movies he would have stuck to train robbing and kept his self-respect. In the old days no man ever talked to him the way the director does and lived to tell the tale."

The Cruel Truth.

"Well, Rastus, I understand your club has declined to admit Julius to membership."

"Dat's a fact kuhnel! Ah dunno what de objection to Julius was, but when dey come to vote dey done white-balled him."

DISILLUSIONED.

She lived next door—a damsel fair,
With eyes of blue, and—oh, her hair
Was glistening like pure, radiant gold
That's spun by fabled nymphs of old.
I watched her at her casement as she
whiled long hours thru,
I saw her in the mornings as fresh as
diamond dew.
I gazed as from afar upon her pretty
lithesome form,
And heard her cheery laughter in sunshine and in storm.
But never had I spoken to this neighbor
fair of mine,
Tho often I had smiled at her, and answered she in kind.
And then—I heard her at the 'phone,
And curse the day I pulled that bone!
She said, "I seen him," and, "I've went,"
And "Can that stuff," and "I bet a cent,"
And "Ain't you right," and then "I done,"
And now, alas, her beauty's gone!

Quick Solution.

Collection money was to little Tommy one of the essentials of church-going. Every Sunday morning he saw that his penny was ready. One day, just as the ushers began to take the collection, Tommy noticed that a guest in the family pew was not duly provided. Sidling along the seat, he whispered:

"Where's your penny?"

"I didn't bring one," replied the lady.

Time was short and the matter was urgent, but Tommy was quick-witted. Thrusting the penny into the lady's hand, he whispered:

"Here, take mine! It'll pay for you and I'll get under the seat!"

Would Accept It.

Scene: Miles from anywhere.

Tammas—"Could ye oblige me wi' a match, sir?"

Stranger—"I'm afraid I've only got one."

Tammas—"Ay—she'll do."

Their Nose Knows.

Slick—"How do you get so many girls?"

Slicker—"Oh, I just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief."

Gone, but Not Forgotten.

"ARE caterpillars good to eat?" asked little Tommy at the dinner table.

"No," said his father; "what makes you ask a question like that while we are eating?"

"You had one on your lettuce, but it's gone now," replied Tommy.

Just as Well.

MAN—"What are you fishing for, little boy?"

Boy—"Sharks!"

Man—"But there are no sharks in that little pond."

Boy—"No—nor anything else, so I might just as well fish for sharks."

A Likely Tale.

"I NEVER smoked when I was your age," said father. "Will you be able to tell that to your son when you grow up?"

"Not with such a straight face as you do, father," replied Willie. "You beat me there."

Waiting for Father.

"MAMMA!"

"Yes, my child."

"Will you tell me a fairy story?"

"But it's very late, my son."

"I know, but papa isn't home yet."

"Well, wait until he comes home, dear; he'll tell us both one."

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 11 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 103H, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-158, Dayton, Ohio.

TAILORING AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to take orders for tailor-made-clothes. This is strictly an agency offer to men who can sell ten or more suits a season. We will ship you free of charge our large attractive fall and winter sample outfit, containing 200 samples and fashions. We can use foremen salesmen, press shops and barbers. Write today and become our exclusive agent in your territory. Jay Rose & Co., 411-415 S. Wells St., Chicago.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 90% per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

AGENTS—$100 WEEKLY. AUTOMOBILE owners everywhere wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves its cost first day. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. $25 sample outfit and Ford car free. Write quick. Ovee Co., Dept. 7, Louisville, Ky.

SELL WHAT MILLIONS WANT. NEW, wonderful Liberty portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique. Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 12, 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS—$15 DAILY; EVERY OWNER wants his initials on automobiles; applied immediately; profit $1.38 on $1.50 sale; or sell him set to apply his monogram; write for agency; free samples. Transfer Monogram Supply Co., Department W, 191 Market st., Newark, New Jersey.

THE PROSPEROUS AGENT IS A DAVIS agent. Line up for the big rush—$40-$60 weekly. "Lucky 11" and our 27 other varities cut store price one-third-one-half. Worth 150% to 200% for you. Davis Products Co., Dept. 609, Chicago.

AGENTS: $60 A WEEK TAKING ORDERS for guaranteed shoes for men, women and children. Must give satisfaction or replaced free. Brand new proposition. Write quick for territory and samples. Thomas Shoe Co., 3611 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

MAKE AND SELL YOUR OWN GOODS. Formulas by expert chemists. Manufacturing processes and trade secrets. Write for formula catalog. Wayne Mystic Company, Washington, D. C.

TIRE AGENTS. EXCLUSIVE REPRESENtatives to use and sell Mellinger extra-ply tires. Guarantee bond 8,000 miles. Factory prices. Sample sections furnished. Mellinger Tire Company, 972 Oak, Kansas City, Missouri.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. 126, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BIG PROFITS SELLING JUBILEE SPARK Intensifiers to auto owners, garages. Banishes spark plug trouble. Saves gas. Exclusive territory. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 220 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders a day. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, Glen Ridge, N. J.

MANUFACTURER WANTS AGENTS EVERY- where. Remarkable new discovery; sweetens like sugar; relative cost 3½c lb. Greatest money making repeater on earth. A-One Products Co., Dept. M 2, 873 N. Wells St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED FOR ELGIN, WALTHAM watches, jewelry and punch boards. Catalog free. Cutaway Importing Co., 9 Eldridge St., New York.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

CREVICE AND CRACK FILLER FORMULA, $1.00, starts your business. Dept. 58, Martinek, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

ENORMOUS PROFITS SELLING TO COL- ored people. No capital needed. We trust you. Write for our attractive proposition. Sent free. Tono Scalpa Co., Inc., Richmond, Va.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

LIBERAL PROFITS TO AGENTS SELLING Insurt tires. Mileage doubled. Blowouts and punctures prevented. Fully guaranteed. Fast seller. Autocessary Sales Co., L 542 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.

AGENTS MAKE $25 SATURDAY SELLING Master Spark Intensifiers. Sample and particulars, 35c. General Auto Supply Co., 426 South Putnam Bldg., Davenport, Iowa.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS, KOMIK WINDOW CARDS JUST out, selling fast, big profits, write quick. Komik Advertising Co., 112 South 8th St., Cambridge, Ohio.

HELP WANTED

WORK AND WIN FOR YOURSELF. MEN and women making $25 to $150 a week. Any locality every week. No agency proposition. No capital needed. Address Wentt Mail Order Service, 3214 Normal Ave., Chicago.

SECRET SERVICE. HOME AND FOREIGN countries. Men for whole or part time. Good income. Expert training where necessary. Apply today. Asiatic Pacific Agency, Dept. B., Box 2207, San Francisco.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM-12. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 300 Lucas, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

LEARN ACCOUNTING OR RATE CON- struction at home. Big pay. Steady employment. Particulars free. Federal Railway Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $200-$250 MONTH- ly, all railroads, everywhere; experience unnecessary. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE- paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED WOMEN, BECOME EXPERT dress designers, $125 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 854, Rochester, N. Y.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE FINE! $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J, Rochester, N. Y.

BOYS AND GIRLS

EARN VALUABLE PREMIUMS IN SPARE time. Write. Connolly Sales Company, Columbia Bldg., Sta. O, Phila, Pa.

BOOKS

EVERY AMBITIOUS MAN, WOMAN (BOY & girl) should visit the Nation's capitol. If this is impossible, you can secure full information in the Official Guide concerning the White House, Capitol, Congress, Government Departments, Congressional Library, Art Galleries, Museums, famous paintings and statuary, etc., containing 200 photographs; together with Washington the Beautiful, with 50 handsome, full-page engravings, 6x8 inches. Only $1.50 for both, or 85 cents each, postage prepaid. Address Joseph M. Day, Manager, Room 402 No. 1415 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

CANDY

FRESH CHOCOLATE CREAMS—HAND rolled, hand dipped, soft, creamy centers. The kind rarely shipped to you. Prepaid and insured. 1 lb., $1.00; 3 lbs., $2.50; 5 lbs., $3.75. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Dept. C, Three Oaks Specialty Co., 2229 Iowa St., Chicago.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES

BUY YOUR FAVORITE TIRES BY MAIL at wholesale price and save 35 to 50 percent. Immediately write for free wholesale price list. Akron Tire Sales Co., Dept. E, Davenport, Iowa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU READ The Texas Investor, Weekly Magazine. Gives concise, reliable, up-to-date information and facts about most wonderful developments and fortune-making in history of Texas oil, and explains one particular opportunity in which investors should reap tremendous returns; published by practical oil operator and tells how and where to invest for greatest safety and quick results. Write for free trial subscription. C. C. Cannan, Publisher, 739 Scanlan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

50 CHANCES TO WIN. DO NOT PUT your money in Texas oil until you investigate the plan that gives you 50 chances to win, as against the usual one. $12,000,000 bank handles all the money. You can get in on this remarkable proposition for as little as $25. Write today for information. Texas Star Lease Syndicate, 473 Mason Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

INTEREST IN 24 OIL LEASES FOR $100. The surest way to win is play the law of average. Scatter your chances. Play safe. Unlimited possibilities. Squarest proposition ever offered the people. Send for map and particulars, then decide for yourself. Act at once, as over 2-3 sold. Oil Belt Syndicate, P. O. Box 635, Fort Worth, Texas.

TEN CENTS A DAY GETS WARRANTY deed to land in Texas. Actual land, not lease or stock. Also share in cooperative well. Biggest bargain in Texas today. Lots going fast. Wonderful opportunity for big monthly income. Free maps and particulars. Bank references furnished on request. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

MILLION DOLLARS MADE OVER NIGHT in oil acreage. Small spot has done it. Few acres left, well located between four good producing oil fields. $200 acre. Ten per cent down, balance monthly. One acre may complete your independence for life. Free information. Bank reference. Address Texas Oil Acre Co., 812 A. Kentucky St., Dallas, Texas.

ONLY KNOWN MAP SHOWING ALL proven Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Louisiana oil fields, and other valuable information free. Don't invest before seeing it. R. V. Wilson, Mngr. Texas Traffic Ass'n, 10 Hoffman Bldg., Houston, Texas.

OIL—I OFFER YOU AN OPPORTUNITY TO get some Texas oil leases, at a few cents per acre, that may make you some quick money. Write, Frank Strickland, Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

AS SAFE AS A BANK. 300% ANNUALLY. If you can invest fifteen dollars upwards, write. Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS. BOOKS, CARDS, LODE- stone, tricks. Catalog free. B. L Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

FARMS WANTED

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE your property write me. John J. Black, 79 St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

MISCELLANEOUS

BEDBUG RECIPE GUARANTEED FOR 50 cents. Save this ad. Fox, 1573½ Helen Ave., Detroit, Mich.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 318 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

SONG POEMS WANTED

POEMS SET TO MUSIC FREE AND PUB- lished free on commission. Songwriters' Exchange, Halsted, near Center, Chicago.

PERSONAL

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN COR- respondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B528, Valley, Nebr.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 23 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY—WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk 10, Marshall, Mich.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL- ist, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary diseases; valuable information, sent today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

EXCHANGE PLOTS FOR $ $—PHOTOPLAY ideas accepted in any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted, sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS? Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

WEAK, NERVOUS, DESPONDENT, RUN- down men, take Castleberry's pills. One dollar per box. Sample and testimonials for two-cent stamp. Address A. F. Castleberry, Columbus, Georgia.

MAKE-NU FOR MEN WHO ARE DESPOND- ent, run down, and in a weakened condition. Write for free trial offer to American Laboratories Co., Desk C, Box 504, Nashville, Tenn.

EXCHANGE POSTCARDS; FASCINATING pastime. Interesting exchange magazine free. Stamp appreciated. Oliver Gandy, Crisfield, Maryland.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRESPOND- ence Club." Particulars free, confidential. Mrs. J. Keena, 222 Morrison St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY RICH! PAPER WITH NAMES, AD- dresses, descriptions, pictures, 25c. "Sent sealed." Dept. B5, Feminine Review, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—BEST PLAN, HUNDREDS RICH, confidential, reliable. Lists and descriptions free. Unity, E-3, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED—MANY WEALTHY CLI- ents desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE- scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA- per published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

WHY HESITATE? MARRY WEALTH AND beauty. Write Jesse Hart, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio, Desk 7.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLI- cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GET MARRIED, JOIN THE BEST MATRI- monial club, free for ladies, send description. Box 1403, Jacksonville, Fla.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, REFINED MAN desires a wife. Confidential. Box 8, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

LADY RANCH OWNER, 45, WORTH $50,000. Would marry. L-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

CIVIL ENGINEER, 27, WITH $40,000. WILL marry. W-Box 312, Corr. Co., Monroe, Mich.

MARRY—WOULD YOU MARRY BEAUTI- ful lady? Worth $50,000. Send stamp for reply. Box 504, Tallahassee, Fla.

MARRY RICH; MANY ANXIOUS, DESCRIP- tion list free. Select Club, Rapid, City, S. Dak.

YOUNG LADY, AGE 19, WITH $20,000 WILL marry. Enclose stamp. Box 39, Oxford, Fla.

BOYS, HERE IS SOMETHING YOU WILL like: 12 cards, different reading, 10c. Silver. W. J. Walker, Risher, Ark.

LONELY MAIDEN, 27, WOULD MARRY. Write for picture. Box 150B, Syracuse, N. Y.

I Offer You $96.00 a week

Let me tell you how you can make that much or more—without training—without studying—without investing any capital. 6 hours of easy, pleasant work a day will do it.

YOU CAN do as well as W. A. Cooper, of Virginia, whose profit for one month was $426, or McClary, of Georgia, who made $4,175 last year. You can double your income—you can do it easily with half the effort that you are making now. Don't waste any more time worrying and wondering how to get ahead. This is your chance. Somebody in your neighborhood is going to get the agency for Comer Raincoats. We need someone there now. There are hundreds of orders waiting for that agent. Hundreds of people want our coats. Hundreds of people know the tremendous values that they can get—of the beautiful styles and low prices. There are thousands of dollars clear, clean, easy profit waiting for someone to step in and get it. The Comer Agency in your town is worth $96 a week if it is worth a cent, and you can have it without investing a penny.

Read These Letters!

Yesterday morning I started on the new job and in the evening I found that I had made about $40 commission. I think that's a pretty good start.—George Garon, Mass.

Please rush these six orders. I worked two hours to-day, and have taken $100 worth of orders. Rush me by special delivery more order blanks.—H. E. Nixon, North Carolina.

I have received my coat; it is the best bargain I ever saw. I can't explain to you just how well pleased I am with it. I hope to make you a successful agent.—Jno. S. Walker, Tenn.

Enclosed find 7 orders. I want to thank you for giving my patrons such fine quality for their money. They continually sing your praises, thus bringing me more orders from their friends. Your goods are the best advertisers. Consider me at the rate of $1,000 worth of orders for January.—N. T. Ager, Tenn.

My hat is in the ring. Must say that every one of the last raincoats made for my customers were the best advertisements I have had yet. Congratulations on your Anniversary and new building.—Troy Meriwether, Mo.

Inexperienced Man Makes $207.48 in 7 Days

I'll make you exactly the same offer I made Purvience, of Ohio. His net profit his first seven days was $207.48. All I want you to do is call on our customers in your neighborhood and take their orders for the most wonderful, stylish, well-made line of raincoats and waterproof aprons that you ever saw—at prices that cannot be met by any store. C. E. Wilson, of South Carolina, made $87.60 in 48 hours. H. O. Nissen, of Connecticut, made a clear profit of $19.00 in 2½ hours. H. D. Partridge, of Indiana, cleared $81.90 in five days. Mourfield, of Florida, made $38.63 his first day, and you can do as well as any of them.

Wonderful Chance for Women

Any woman can add from $10 to $50 a week to her income by using a couple of hours a day spare time. Write.

Fine Raincoats FREE

I want my representative to wear one of my beautiful coats so that they can show the styles and the workmanship and the fabrics. I will give you your choice of our fine coats free. I will also furnish you with dozens of samples of the rich, handsome material used in these coats, and everything you need to start in this prosperous and profitable business. Now is the time to get started. Don't wait for someone else.

I Offer Thousands of Dollars in Cash

Mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad and learn how you can earn big cash prizes in addition to your regular commissions and income. The Comer plan makes it possible and easy for you to get an extra hundred dollars the second month that you work for me. I will tell you all about it if you mail the coupon.

Now—Get Started

Don't send any money. I don't want you to tie yourself up to do anything. I want you to simply MAIL this coupon, and I will send you all the details of this wonderful proposition. It is worth thousands of dollars to you. More raincoats will be bought within the next few months than have ever been bought in a similar period before. PRICES on overcoats will be sky-high this year. So the minute people know you have this agency they will flock to you for raincoats. There is no chance of failure. Hundreds are successful, and you can be just as successful as any of them. Just WRITE your name and address on this coupon with a pen or pencil—tear it off and mail it at once.

Free Book

This book tells you where to go—what to say and how to make the money. Send for it now.

COMER RAINCOATS

MAIL THIS COUPON

THE COMER MFG. CO., Dept. B-170, DAYTON, OHIO

Gentlemen: Please tell me how, without investing any money, I can become your agent and make $5,000 a year or from $2.00 to $5.00 an hour for my spare time. Also send me without charge your offer of a raincoat for myself.

Name .....

Address .....

Postoffice .....

State .....